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APRIL 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN
I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: One of the stream of really pretty hats in fashion now—a high wide puff of soft silk pleats behind a narrow bow, like magnified pink and rose confetti tossed on white. Worn with a white linen dress—and a make-up that has all the right ideas about the rave of white this season, in fact calls itself Coty Excites White: Tawny Tint Blush Accent; Muted French Flair powder; Satin-Beige eye shadow; Pink Perfect lipstick. Halston hat, of TSM fabric, made to order. The explosion of white ring: a bogus pearl, by KJL. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Hat, also Wanamaker's, Phila.; Harold's; I. Magnin.

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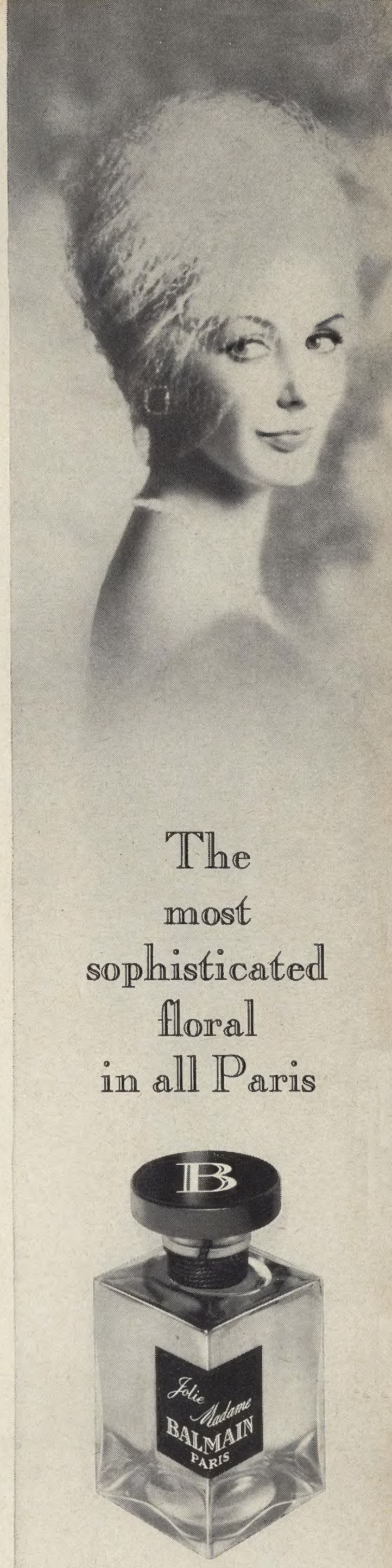
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Kilted Pipers as escorts add glamour and colour to a tour of Edinburgh Castle.

The Peck & Peck Girl

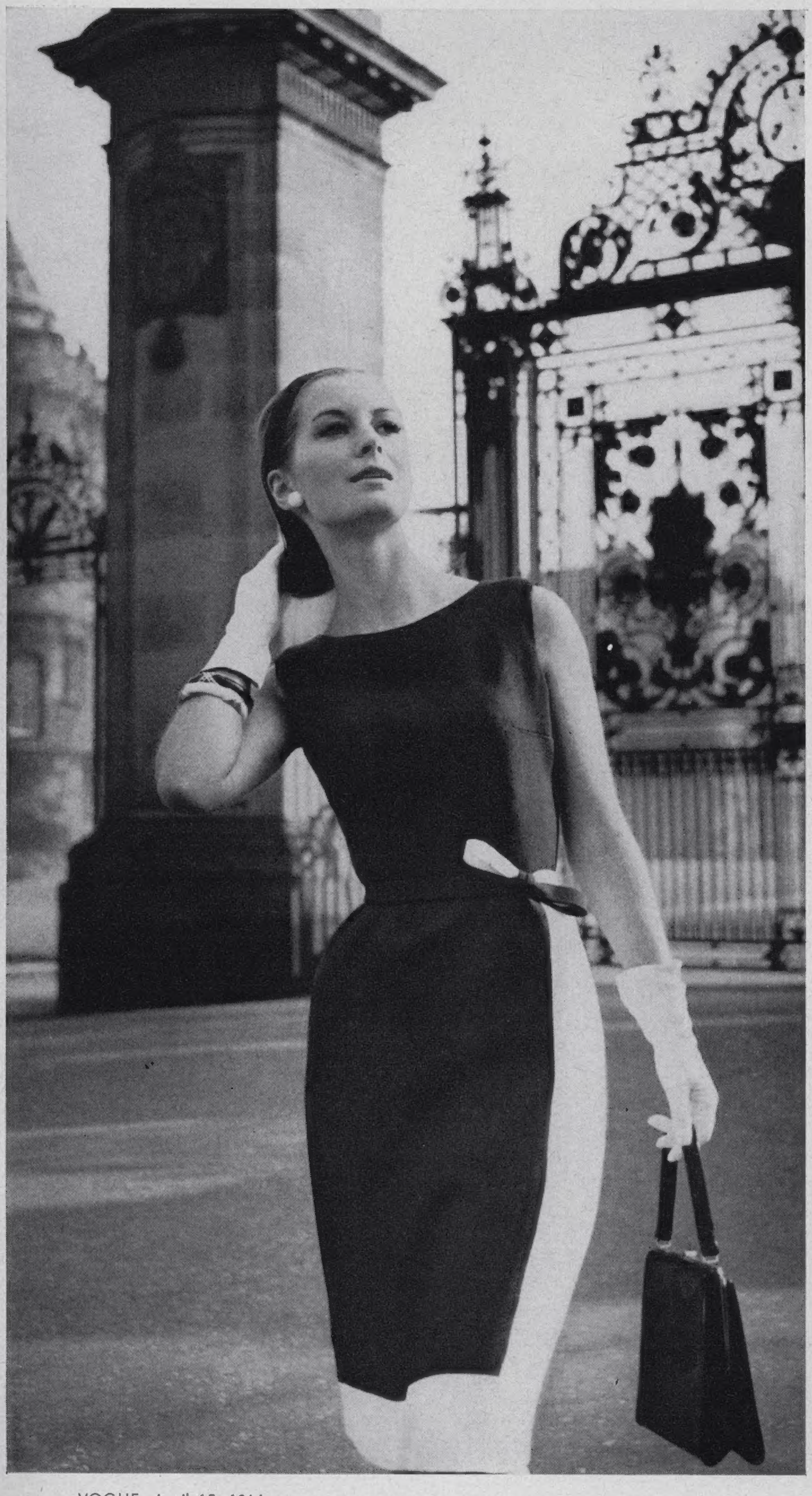


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Left: the new vogue for stripes in a nonstop travel costume—*ours alone* in muss-free Dacron® polyester/cotton. Under the brief jacket, a cap-sleeve dress is striped in a diagonal pattern above the permanent-pleated skirt. Self-belt ends with a bow at the back.
Blue/beige or green/beige. 8 to 18, *35.00*

Right: highlighting the social hours of your holiday abroad: the elegant new importance of this striking colour contrast in linen.
Black bordered with white, or turquoise with olive.
8 to 16, *40.00*

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and now the official residence of Britain's royal family
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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

NEW GOOD MOVE FOR TRAVELLERS:

Scotland, this summer—its festivals, fishing, and food

What's going on in Scotland this summer? The Edinburgh Festival—three weeks of it, from August 16 through September 5—and the first appearance of Marlene Dietrich at the Lyceum Theatre. The Military Tattoo staged by searchlight almost every Festival night on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle. The "Glorious Twelfth" of August, when grouse shooting opens.

For these and other Scottish things-to-do this summer, here are some quick notations on dates, places to stay, boat cruises, fishing, grouse shooting, bird watching, car hire.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS

At the annual Edinburgh Festival—three weeks jammed with art, opera, ballet, plays, revues—the Opera of the National Theatre, Prague, will perform at the King's Theatre. . . . The great Shakespeare Exhibition, combining both sight and sound effects, opens first in England at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23; moves to Edinburgh for the Festival and remains until October 5. (Then it travels to London.) An adaptation of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, directed by one of England's most extraordinary directors, Joan Littlewood of London's Theatre Royal, will run throughout the Festival. . . . The pull at the Royal Scottish Academy will be paintings and drawings by Eugene Delacroix.

FOOD AND DRINK IN EDINBURGH

Note: In Edinburgh and all over Scotland it is wise to check first whether women are welcome in places serving liquor. In the restaurants and hotels listed here, women are considered definite additions to the cheer. But in most pubs women must go into a separate lounge, if there is one—or go elsewhere. . . . Tipping: ten percent is thought reasonable.

One of the good places to stay in Edinburgh is the *Caledonian Hotel*, hard by the Gardens and not far from Edinburgh Castle. During the Festival, the hotel's *Pompadour Restaurant* collects the famous and the brilliant among performers and visitors from all over the world. Food is fine, around $8 a person for dinner. One unique *entrée:* salmon smoked right in the hotel. (The Caledonian prepares and smokes salmon for guests, ships it home for them, if asked.) . . . For quick luncheons or before-theatre, after-theatre rendezvous, the hotel's *Le Postillon* has piano music and some fifty quick-to-order dishes.

For a table at the small *Doric Tavern*—its cheerful upstairs dining room holds only thirty-six—guests should phone in advance. The meals are pretty good and inexpensive: three-course lunch, about $.90; four-course dinner, about $1.25. Good French Burgundy costs less than $2 a bottle; a speciality is *tournedos Rossini*, a fillet steak in a red-wine sauce. Campbell, Hope & King, one of the oldest breweries in Edinburgh, supplies the smooth draft heavy beer.

For an education in thoroughly Scottish meals, the place to go is the *Epicure*. The Managing Director is a David MacGregor, and "MacGregor's Own Scotch Dinner" goes like this: Cockie Leekie Soup (translation: chicken and leeks). Herring in Oatmeal. Haggis, Neeps, and Tatties (haggis, turnips, potatoes). A nip of Scotch whisky to be taken with the haggis which is a sort of meat pudding. Then Aberdeen Angus Steak. Scotch Trifle. Cheese and Biscuits. Coffee. All for $3.25.

Five miles out of Edinburgh at the *Cramond Inn*, two Scottish chefs do well with seafood and with the wild duck from neighbouring marshes. Ask here for cheese—it's unusually good but, at last report, not on the menu. Pleasant wines, pleasant prices.

FOOD AND DRINK IN GLASGOW

In the Central Hotel, the *Malmaison* presents French food attractively in a red-plush Edwardian room. Business men occupy most of the tables, but women are welcome, even by themselves; dinner for one, about $7.

Gay Gordon has been done in the black-and-green Gordon tartan and bronze chandeliers by David Hicks, a British decorator with recognizable and effective methods. Recommended: the mushroom soup; the steaks and chops; a trio that plays for dancing; dinner, $6 for one.

For seafood, travellers go to *Rogano* for its bouillabaisse, its bisques. Among the attractive quirks here are Indian and Chinese food, a sherry bar; dinner, $3 for one.

FOOD AND LODGING AROUND THE SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE

Note: Except in the larger cities, the best food, and often the only food, is to be had where the lodgings are—i.e., the hotel. . . . All hotels mentioned are licensed; some have splendid wine cellars. . . . Even in the most considerate inns, private baths tend to be on the scarce side; it's prudent to reserve one in advance. . . . Rates quoted are for one day—include breakfast and room with bath for one person.

THE LOWLANDS

After jetting into Prestwick by B.O.A.C., many travellers go south through Burns Country to the *Turnberry Hotel* and its six hundred acres. Facing west on

(Continued on page 40)

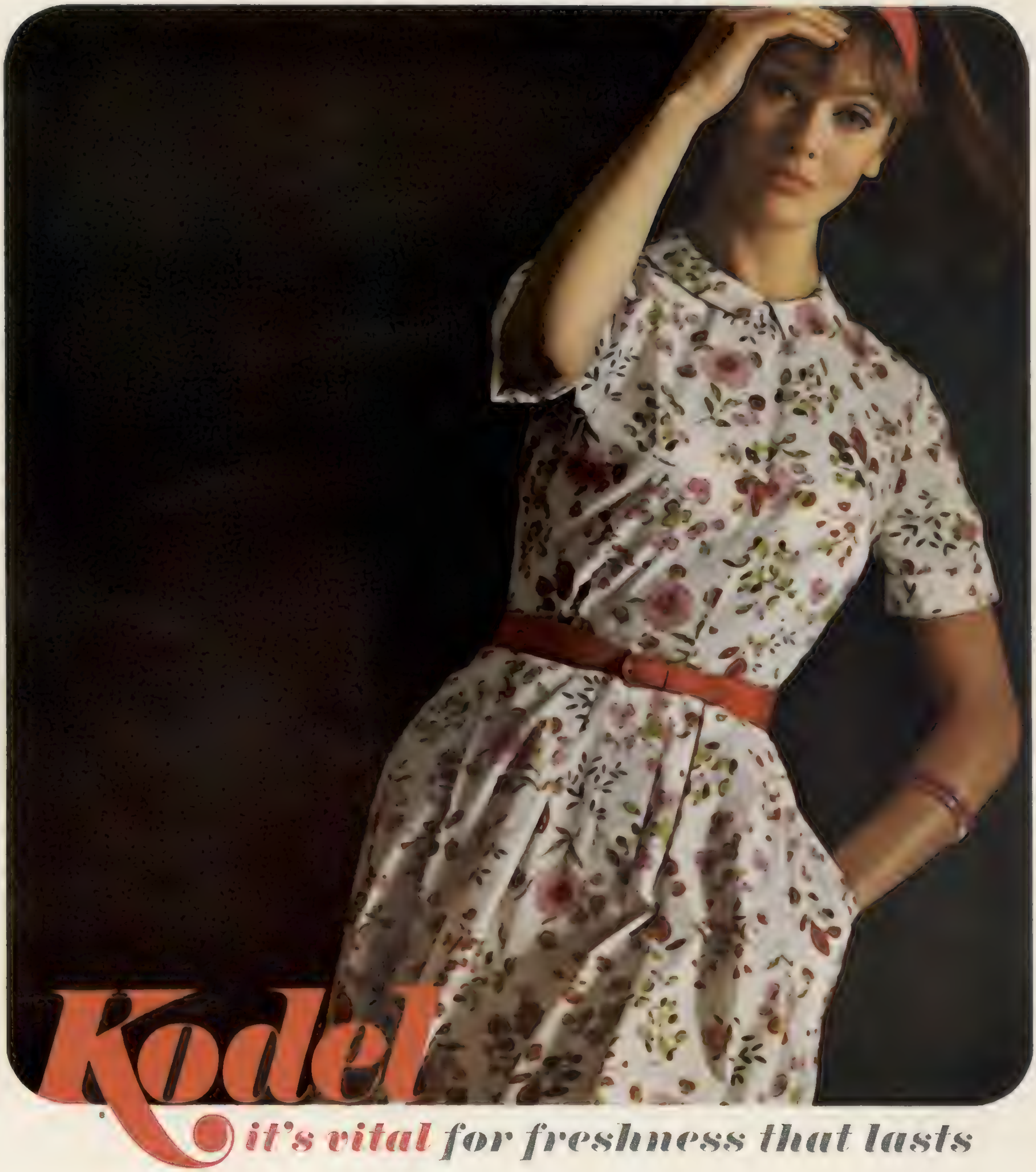


Put your Crêpe de Chine in a beaded bag and leave home.

You shouldn't leave without it.
Not in the evening. Later you might want to sneak off,
open that bottle of Crêpe de Chine that you always
carry with you because you never know... and dab.
You don't need a mirror. You know the spots by heart.

Finished? Now, smile just halfway.
Fluff on a bit of powder. Straighten your lipstick
and leave the ladies' room.
A lot of women think Crêpe de Chine is as important
as make-up. Even more so these days...

when it's very chic to leave your face alone
and let the perfume tell your story.
So they carry it with them. Even in those teeny tiny bags.
Because a dab or two can't last forever.
Not when it's constantly circulating your message.



EVERFAST® showers you with April flowers on a fabric of stay-fresh Kodel polyester and cotton. The colors are ever-blooming; they're guaranteed by Everfast. A joy, too: Everglaze® Easy Care. Pink/red, chartreuse/orange, turquoise/blue. Made to sell for about $30. Sizes 8-20. By Dorothy Cox for TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA

At fine stores including: Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Ivey's of Charlotte; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Famous Barr, St. Louis.

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EVERFAST® blossoms forth with the first Kodel polyester and cotton blend to carry the unqualified color guarantee.* It is crease resistant and has wonderful recovery power because of **EVERGLAZE**® easy care. Dorothy Cox has designed this poppy print dress in the Tanner manner. Blue or pink, sizes 8 to 20, about $28. Slightly higher in west.

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each woman has her own wonderful way of dressing for the swim. Your way is here! A print of flowers, perhaps...as a sheathy slip of a suit in one of the zero-weight wonder fabrics, or a two-piece knit with its own cotton shore-shift. Probably the maillot, too, sleek as dancing tights below but bubbling into a beach sweater top...or the provocative strapless look. Do your window shopping here, then do let us send you specific buying information. From the collection, $16 to $26. Write: Dept. AV, Box 3367, Van Nuys, Calif. **rose marie reid**





COTY EXCITES WHITE

With a fresh new look for spring

Spring will bring white into the fashion spotlight . . . with oyster to fawn to white ala swan. And, for these important (and demanding!) whites, Coty has created a new look. Begin with a natural complexion in the new muted tones of French Flair Compact Make-Up. Add the soft cream tint, Blush Accent. Then light your eyes with Satin Beige — Coty's subtle yet insistent eyeshadow blended for white. And for your lips, long-lasting Coty '24' lipstick in two bud-fresh colors stolen from spring. Pink Perfect and Perfectly Coral . . . you'll need both. Let Coty make you exciting in white.

COTY

French Flair Compact Make-Up—Duette Compact—Coty '24' Lipstick—Coty Eyeshadow Stick—Blush Accent



DESIGNED BY DOROTHY COX . . . GREEN GROW THE TANNERS: Green-as-a-glade Liberty of London prints, touched with red. Left: Blossom patterned linen sheath. About $55 with matching silk scarf. Right: Flowering lawn softly skirted dress. About $50 with matching cotton scarf. Both in blue, red, yellow: sizes 8 to 18.

AT ABERCROMBIE & FITCH / GIDDING-JENNY, CINCINNATI / HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND / JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON / B. SIEGEL COMPANY, DETROIT. OR FOR THE STORE IN YOUR CITY WRITE: TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA, RUTHERFORDTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

IN THE TANNER MANNER

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

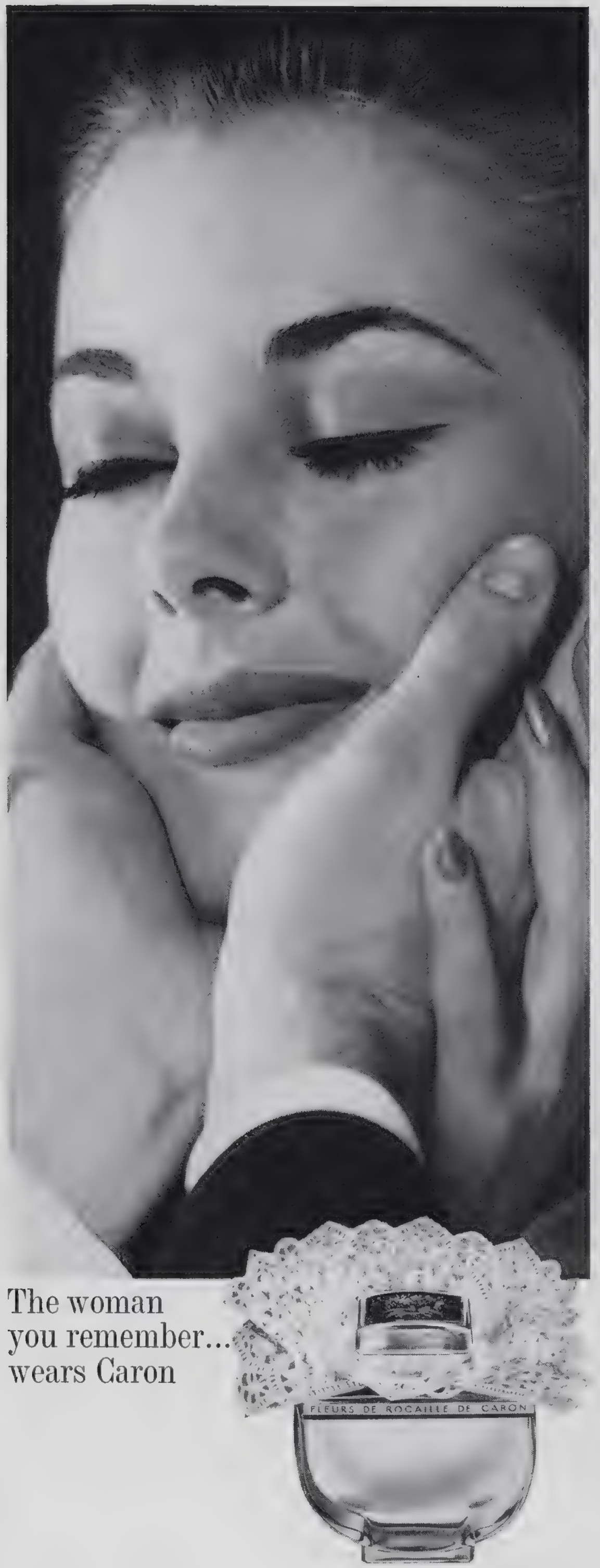
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Take the most comfortable bra in the world—add straps that stretch—and you've got Maidenform's *new* 'Day Dreams'** bra. The unique criss-cross construction at the sides—and the straps—are made of stretch "Vyrene"® Spandex and nylon tricot, *bias cut* to move with your body. (That's what keeps the scandalously low back in place—*without* pinching.) Nylon lace cups gently shape and support your figure. A, B, C—$5.95. All Nylon Lace. Elastic Tricot: Nylon, "Vyrene" Spandex.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1964 BY **Maidenform, Inc.,** makers of bras, girdles, swimwear, and active sportswear. **COVERED BY U.S. PATENT NO. 306676



FLEURS DE ROCAILLE—PARFUMS CARON, PARIS

THE PERFUMED LIFE

Details from pages 116 to 119

HAIR throughout the perfumed life: Done with the new romantic mien—an escaping curl on the nape of the neck; on page 118, a pile-up of curls. Both, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana, who uses hairpieces to build both coiffures.

DRESSES in the perfumed life pages: The dress, page 116—high at the front, back bared to the waist. In cotton brocade. By Christian Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Page 117: Décolletage in black crêpe—a short sleeveless evening dress deeply slashed front and back. $70. Page 118: Pink-embroidered white organdie in a long evening dress. Of cotton eyelet organdie. $160. This, and the dress on page 117: by Edward Abbott. Both, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

OTHER OBJETS in the perfumed life: The teacup on page 117, Wedgwood, in a Japan pattern. This, and the crystal ashtray on page 118: from Tiffany.

INDIAN BRACELET in the perfumed life, page 118: Molten colours enamelled on gold; each dragon head, rattling an articulated wooden tongue. This and the ring with the pink dress, from Van Cleef & Arpels.

THE DOG'S COAT closing the perfumed life, page 119: The foreign-intrigued English bulldog wears a natty James Bond raincoat from Saks Fifth Avenue, and loves it. On the same page: hunt gloves by Etienne Aigner. At Lord & Taylor.

OTHER SHOPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY celebrating the perfumed life: Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's. Boston, Mass.—Filene's. Chicago, Ill.—Bramson. Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue. Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros. Denver, Colo.—Neusteters. Detroit, Mich.—Hudson's. Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne. Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman. San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros. Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel.



The Alper Schwartz dress shown on the opposite page is available at the following fine stores:

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Allentown, Pa., **Nan Carlby**
Altoona, Pa., **Meyer Jonasson**
Amarillo, Tex., **Colberts**
Augusta, Ga., **Frank Goldberg**
Baltimore, Md., **Jeanette Beck**
Beaumont, Tex., **White House**
Bloomington, Ill., **Paul Anderson**
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Boulder, Colo., **Brooks Fauber**
Bryan, Tex., **Lester's**
Buffalo, N. Y., **Adam, Meldrum & Anderson**
Canton, Ohio, **Stern & Mann**
Charlotte, N. C., **Reynold's**
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Coral Gables, Fla., **Don Mullens**
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Decatur, Ill., **Carol's**
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Cord—crisp, immaculately tailored in "Dacron". By Alper Schwartz. The costume, made new and noticeable with fashion's very important walking coat. And a very dashing look it is. Buttoned close and high over mated skirt, coordinated blouse. And never a wrinkle to disturb its urbane chic. Why? Because there's 77% "Dacron" in the blend. Brown, black or green. Sizes 8-18. About $80. Available at Regenstein's, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D.C.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.

Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or fashion shown. Hat by Sally Victor.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*



because you love flowers around the house

This is the wonderful new way to look of an evening; cool, elegant, enveloped from toe to throat in a float of fantasy tulips. The colors: melting pinks and tender greens. The fabric: Vanity Fair's exquisite sheer-over-sheer nylon tricot-knit print [illegible] With [illegible] Vanity Fair Mills Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

all is vanity .. all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*



They call her Mom, but not to her feet. She wants double or nothing. Beige with bezazz. Calf with sass. Comfort with conceit. Support with spirit. She wants Vitality: the sensible shoe too smart to show it. Don't you? Chic to chic: Redwood at left or Admiral at right, about $15.00.

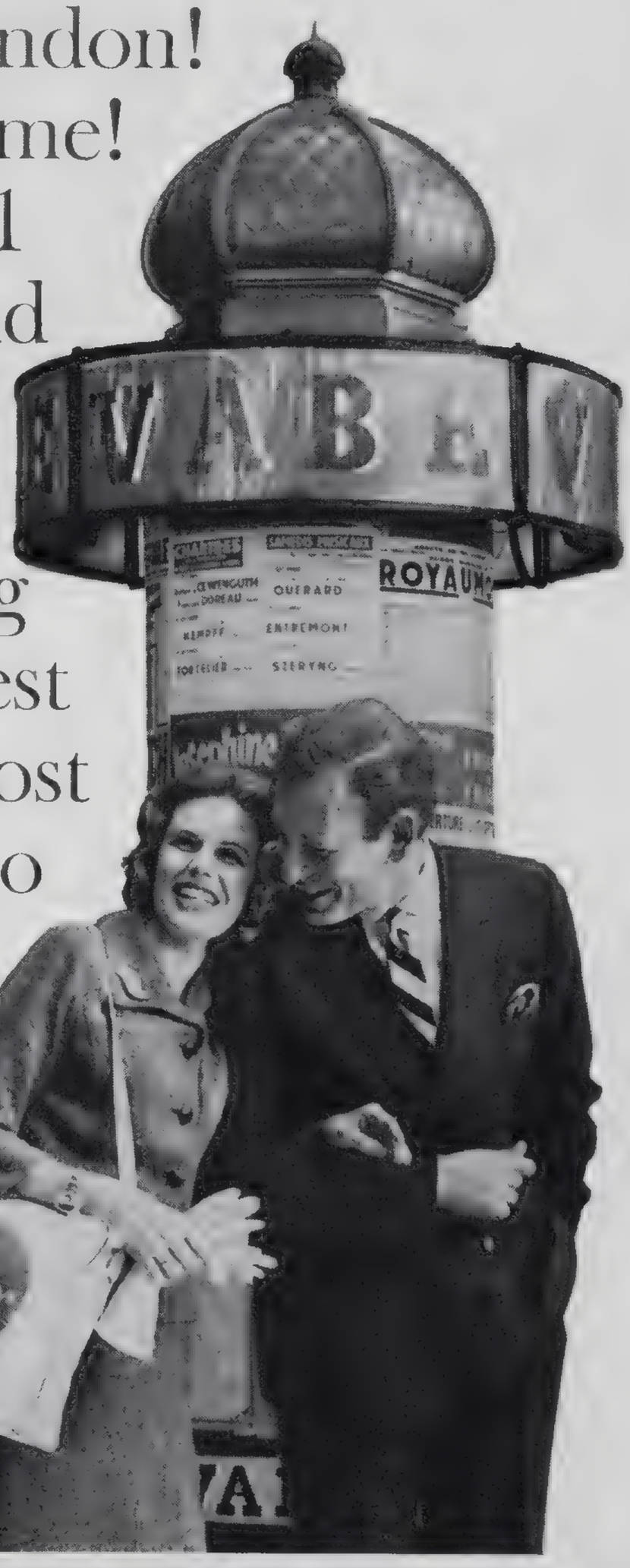
Vitality Shoes, Div. International Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63166. Also made in Canada, Vitality Shoes, St. Thomas, Ontario.

VITALITY®!



Us? A couple of confirmed budget-watchers fly to Europe? What on?

A Pan Am shoestring. It's the very latest way to do it. Just $300 to London! $342 to Paris! $446 to Rome! Those are Pan Am's new 14-21 day Jet economy fares* round trip from New York. 10% down and you can be on your way—with the sure feeling that comes from flying the best there is: the World's Most Experienced Airline. Want to fly over this summer? Drop in on a Pan Am Travel Agent. He's a confirmed budget-watcher, too.



PAN AM

*Effective April 1.

NO LIPSTICK LETDOWN
hour after hour after hour



Inner Circle
True Color
Lipsticks

Dermetics®
beauty designers

Here, at last, a lipstick with not a trace of stain or indelible dyes — yet, a lipstick with color that remains true and unchanging as long as you wear it. Gone, at last, such beauty-marring irritants as pigment particles, untested perfume and all tendency to "turn" or streak. To these distinctive benefits Dermetics® adds texture imparting the moist look of youthful softness. In fashion's newest shades. In a silver and gold Florentine finish case. 3.50 (plus tax)

Inner Circle™ / © 1964 Turner Hall Corp.

Justin McCarty



Justin McCarty's Blazer Dress . . . summer's most versatile fashion, designed by Jody VanAmburgh in "Seafarer," an Arnel triacetate knit, stabilized to keep it from stretching. White dress, with blue, yellow or orange multicolor striped jacket. Sizes 8 to 20 . . . $40.

HAFTER'S-HAGGARTY
SAN DIEGO • LA JOLLA

NEW CRÊPE FORMULA

Drifts of white night dressing



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

The white nightdress shown above has a whole new formula for prettiness—it looks like crêpe, feels like crêpe in the hand, has a marvellous swingy weight in its drift that makes you want to have acres of it on. Which is exactly what you can have now—for the first time: acres of newly textured nylon tricot rushing from one shoulder to the floor. By Rogers, made of a special nylon-crêpe yarn by Enka. (Burlington fabric.) About $22. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; May-D & F.

SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

Adele Simpson fashions on next 6 pages at stores below. U.S. Lines ships leave N.Y. fortnightly for Europe. The luxurious 5-day trip on s.s. United States includes a weekend.

Akron, Ohio	Polsky's
Albany, N.Y.	Flah's of Albany
Asheville, N.C.	John Carroll
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Bakersfield, Calif.	Brock's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
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Binghamton, N.Y.	Drazen's
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boise, Idaho	The Mode
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Buffalo, N.Y.	L. L. Berger
Canton, Ohio	Stern & Mann
Charleston, W. Va.	Peck's
Charlotte, N.C.	J. B. Ivey
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Brothers
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Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio	F & R Lazarus
Dallas, Texas	Neiman-Marcus
Davenport, Iowa	Isabelle Ramey
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler
Decatur, Ill.	Carol's
Denver, Colo.	May—D & F
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Duluth, Minn.	Arthur A. Silver
Erie, Pa.	Edith Meiser
Evansville, Ind.	De Jong's
Flint, Mich.	Christie Shop
Fort Worth, Texas	Neiman-Marcus
Garden City, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Joseph P. Doody
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Jackson, Miss.	Frances Pepper
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
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Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's
Lansing, Mich.	Seaman's Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers
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Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
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Milwaukee, Wisc.	Hixon's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Modesto, Calif.	Lee's Apparel
Montgomery, Ala.	Al Levy's
Nashville, Tenn.	Grace's
New Orleans, La.	Kreeger's
New York, New York	Lord & Taylor
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Balliet's
Omaha, Neb.	Haas-Aquila
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Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwaters
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Nicholas Ungar
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
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Saginaw, Mich.	Lillian Weston
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San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
San Diego, Calif.	John Hogan
San Francisco, Calif.	I. Magnin
Savannah, Ga.	Fine's
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South Bend, Ind.	The Francis Shop
Stamford, Conn.	Ethel Allan
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Maas Bros.
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SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

TAKE U.S. LINES TO EUROPE

UNITED STATES LINES
ADELE SIMPSON

If you enjoy the easy elegance . . . the dash . . . the chic . . . of life in places like Palm Beach or Newport, you'll adore sailing to Europe on s.s. UNITED STATES. Here, a preview of the five-day crossing on this, the world's fastest ship. We call it sailing in the star-spangled manner. Belonging to this luxurious life . . . the U.S. lines and Yankee chic of ADELE SIMPSON fashions. Shown, her non-stop jersey coat and shift of ONONDAGA'S rich new linen-weave silk.





Leisurely start for a star-spangled day . . .



Dogs adore *their* quarters on s.s. United States



Resist if you can the world-famous delicacies!



SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

TAKE U.S. LINES TO EUROPE

UNITED STATES LINES
ADELE SIMPSON

Days are merely marvelous on the s.s. UNITED STATES. You stroll or play on the spacious decks, swim or splash in the salt water pool—or simply relax and enjoy the *other* charming people! Members of the international set . . . leaders in art, theatre and diplomatic circles sail on this luxe liner over and over again. And as the days speed smoothly by you'll give three cheers to the service staff that pampers you so delightfully. Adding to the star-spangled mood . . . more Yankee chic by *Adele Simpson:* her classic white coatdress of *Onondaga's* rich fibranne . . . and two-part deck dress of *Onondaga's* brilliant printed linen.

Adele Simpson's Star Spangled Fashions at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; Rich's; Harzfeld's; Hutzler's.

**Stroll, play deck games,
relax—feel wonderful!**

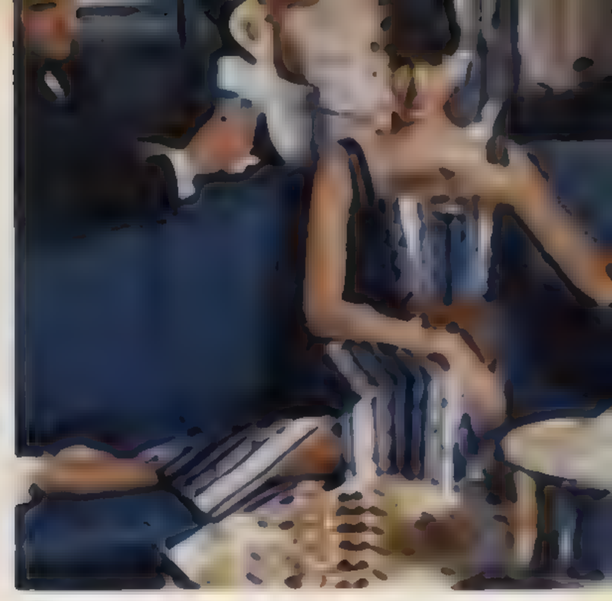


SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

TAKE U.S. LINES TO EUROPE

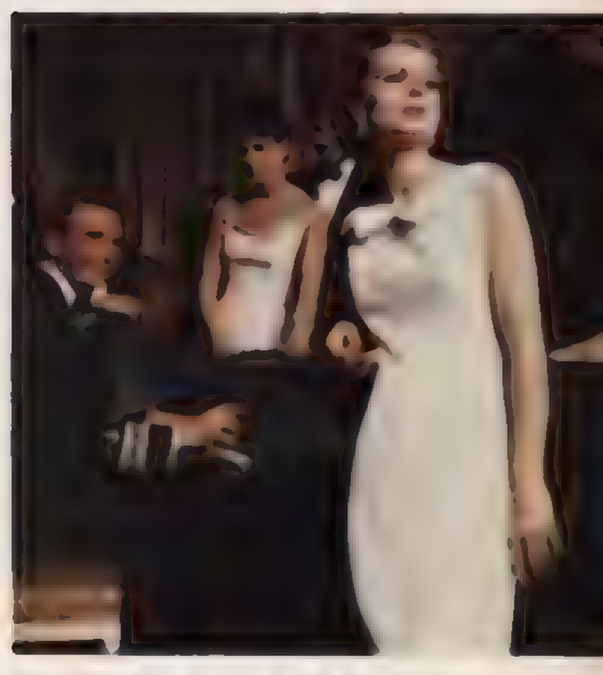
UNITED STATES LINES
ADELE SIMPSON











Nights are memory-making on the s.s. UNITED STATES. From stem to stern, wherever you turn, there's beauty, gaiety, and wonderful things to do. After dining in splendor you'll stroll on the starlit decks, see a movie, play bridge. Or you may dance away the night in the famous oval ballroom. Whatever you do is more fun in star-spangled clothes by *Adele Simpson*. Here, her "spangled" shift of printed *Onondaga* crepe . . . and slim p.m. jacket dress of *Onondaga's* smooth linen-weave silk. Both are slated to add glamour to the Captain's Gala Dinner!

Adele Simpson's Star Spangled Fashions at Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Dayton's; Filene's; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Horne; Burdine's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; L. S. Ayres. For other fine stores and sailing information please see page 24.



SAIL IN THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER

TAKE U.S. LINES TO EUROPE

UNITED STATES LINES
ADELE SIMPSON

In 5 short days aboard the s.s. UNITED STATES you have a season's worth of fun. And you arrive in Europe rested, relaxed. If you're thinking of Europe this summer, this is *the* way to go. Above, just debarked, *Adele Simpson's* plaid cotton suit and blue ensemble of *Onondaga's* rich, crease-resistant fibranne. Both have the U.S. lines and dash that even Paris envies! See page 24 for sailing information and where to buy these star spangled fashions.

KAYSER LINGERIE AVAILABLE IN CANADA

you
ought to have
a license
to wear this…

Fortunately, it's every woman's lawful right to look as ravishing as she can. The way you can: ruffle up in a peignoir with sleeves shaped like teardrops and embroidered to match the sleeveless shift gown underneath. Both in nylon tricot. White, shell pink, sweet lilac or caribe blue. S, M, L. $21.95. Gown alone, $6.95. KAYSER®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KR, KAYSER-ROTH, 425 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 16.

JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB



If you're not you, you're nobody!

If your make-up isn't formula blended to your own skin tone, you're walking around with somebody else's face. With Powers' exclusive wide spectrum of color blendings, Powers' Grand Illusion *is* blended to your own skin tone, absolutely and precisely. *Powers' Grand Illusion never paints somebody else's skin on yours, but brings your own skin to its loveliest perfection.* And Powers' ingenious formula combines foundation, powder and moisture guard in a single preparation that makes Powers' Grand Illusion the smoothest, easiest-to-use make-up you've ever known.

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

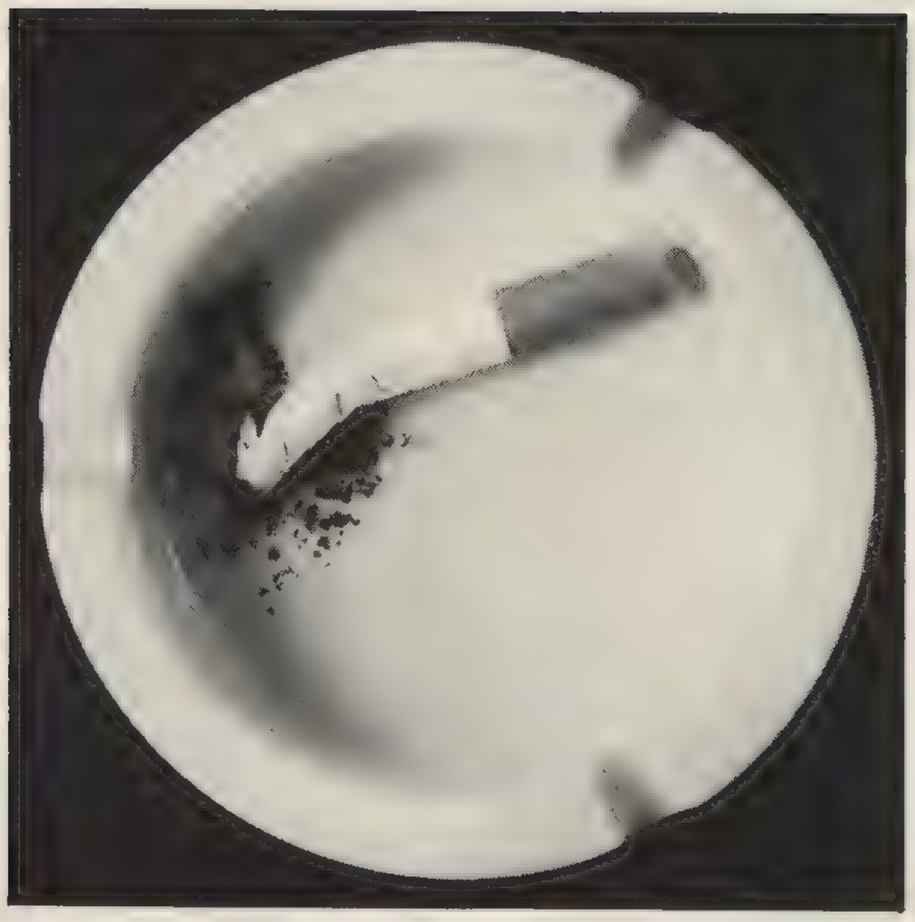
SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES





CHARM (that's what Carlye's got) Lace, lace, lace. Pleats, pleats, pleats. And gossamer voile of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Anything with this much charm has to be Carlye! Carlye Dress Corp., 1520 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. New York Showroom: 1451 Broadway, New York

Carlye



Have you started to gain weight since you gave up smoking?

Some people gain weight, others don't. How about you?

Do you find yourself nibbling between meals? Having a snack instead of a cigarette?

If so, chances are you have started to gain weight. But the fact that you have need not discourage you.

There is a way to help offset those snacks and to control your weight. Safely, simply, without feeling hungry.

It's Metrecal dietary.

Just substitute a Metrecal meal for one or two of your higher calorie meals each day. You can still enjoy regular food at your other meals.

Control your weight with Metrecal. It's been used by over 14,000,000 people. And it works. METRECAL.*

For free "Road To Weight Control" booklet, write: Metrecal Booklet #V, Evansville, Ind. 47712.

*Metrecal is a registered trademark for a dietary for weight control.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

News on new surroundings

What's surrounding her below is clear symbolism for the new cloak that might envelop her this spring. An invisible cloak of fragrance—the aromatics of a flowering garden, waking up on an April morning. Like a garden, it's not all flower. There are suggestions of green in it, too, and sun and sweet earth. It's a clean new fragrance, name of Tulip, which Helena Rubinstein brings out this spring in a battery of pretty ways for all-day, all-over, total commitment. Tulip Dusting Powder for after a bath which may have been scented with a few drops of Tulip Eau de Parfum. Eau de Parfum Mist for the dressing table—to embrace a body in a cool cloud of Tulip. A pocket Tulip Spray to recharge the aura and refresh the wearer all day long. If all goes as expected, Tulip will become a standard spring scent—a scent women turn to, spring after spring. First with its freshness: Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.



What is a paper trousseau?

(and why you shouldn't wait too long to select it)

Your paper trousseau includes, in addition to your invitations and announcements, your new stationery for letters; your new note-size paper for formal notes, invitations, and thank-you notes; your new calling cards; and those useful "informals"; in short, your complete stationery needs as a bride.

Why is this trousseau important? As you begin your life with your new name, you will want to have your own stationery ready to meet every need. It is particularly important to have your own personal thank-you note paper ready in advance because, naturally, you will want to thank everyone as promptly as possible.

When should the trousseau be ordered? It is best to take care of all details well ahead of time, because of the length of time required for engraving and because invitations should be sent out to arrive at least two or three weeks before the wedding.

Is the particular kind of paper important? It is very important if you wish to have everything perfect in every way. Quality of paper is most important; people do notice; and this is no time for "almost as good."

Where is the best source of information? Your experienced, selected dealer in Crane paper can offer the most reliable advice in every phase of selection and on all details of engraving. In stationery and note papers he will show you a wide choice of textures, weaves, weights, sizes and colors (including lovely hand-brushed borders) to express your own personality best.

Since 1801, lovely paper has meant Crane. You can feel the unmatched texture of Crane paper—the result of over 160 years of experience in making fine papers, and the refusal to compromise the excellence of 100% cotton quality. Your new life deserves Crane—the paper trousseau that says the nicest things about you. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's

FINE PAPERS

PRICES SLIGHTY HIGHER IN THE WEST · ©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 ● MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Dinghy Shift

Fresh as mornings after rain. Matching kerchief. Sizes 6 to 16.
About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager ®

THE VILLAGER INC. 1407 Broadway, New York



The knowing host serves Great Western

It's the well-bred champagne—an honored member of weddings, christenings and every kind of distinguished gathering for over 100 years. Honored, too, by six European medals of excellence—and a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. Serve it with confidence. Sip it with delight!

Great Western

NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The glint of the Diamond Ball at the Plaza Hotel in New York



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Diamonds were the boys'—as well as the girls'—best friend at the Diamond Ball, which benefited the Institute of International Education and its extraordinary exchange programs for students, artists, and leaders. Fresh yellow mimosa lightened the ballroom where the dancing stopped when Mr. David Ogilvy—in Highland evening dress—took over briefly as Master of Ceremonies. Among the four hundred guests at this party moved a lively mix of students from all over the world, young beauties, and diplomats.



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10 MARVIN LICHTNER

1. Mrs. Henry R. Luce. 2. Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke of Washington. 3. Miss Maria Cooper, wearing one of the beautiful jewels shown at the ball. 4. Miss Olivia Ladd. 5. Mr. Angier Biddle Duke, Chief of Protocol, with the Honorable Marietta Tree. 6. Mrs. David Warburg. 7. Miss Ann Mudge. 8. Miss Pamela Colin, *left*, the Chairman of the Junior Committee, with Mrs. J. Archbold van Beuren and Mr. Fitzhugh Green. 9. Mrs. Sivert A. Neilsen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador to the U.N. 10. Mr. David Ogilvy.



A woman's most important accessory...her escort

His dinner jacket by Lord West, in charcoal, red, or blue stripings. Forty-five dollars at finer stores.

Lord West
101 W. 21st St., N.Y.C.



VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Reception at the French Consulate in New York for the opening of the Théâtre de France



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With all the *grande élégance* of a Paris gala, this party was given by the Consul General of France and Mme. Michel Legendre and the French Cultural Counsellor and Mme. Edouard Morot-Sir for the opening of the Théâtre de France. Three floors of the Consulate were flung open for three hundred or so guests who dined in great reception rooms hung with rare tapestries and paintings by such artists as Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Greuze, Boucher, and Lancret. This setting of an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* was especially planned by Mme. Legendre, a young Frenchwoman of exquisite presence and taste, who used, in addition to masterpieces, Boldini portraits and the costume designs of Yves St. Laurent for *Le Mariage de Figaro* to decorate the spiral stairwells. In a blaze of success, Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault arrived with members of the cast after



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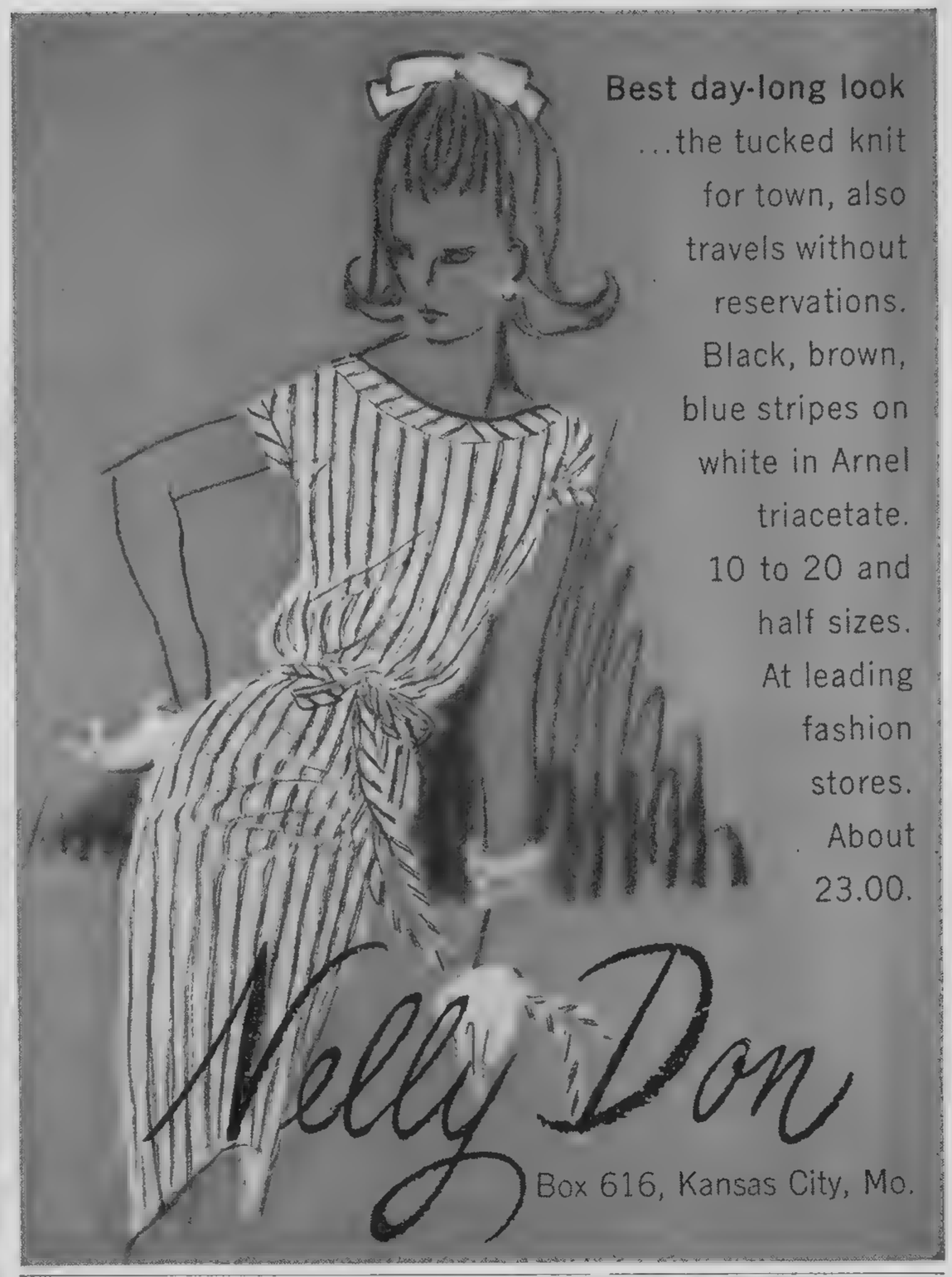
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their performance of *Le Mariage*, one of the wittiest plays of their repertory, which included, among others, Ionesco's *Le Piéton de l'Air*, and the Offenbach bubble, *La Vie Parisienne*.

1. A scene from *La Vie Parisienne*, performed by the company of the Théâtre de France. 2. M. Jean-Louis Barrault, the company's co-director and leading actor, with Mme. Michel Legendre. 3. Mme. Madeleine Renaud, the distinguished French actress, with the Consul General of France, M. Michel Legendre. 4. The French Ambassador to the U.N. and Mme. Roger Seydoux with M. Jean-Louis Barrault. 5. Mme. Jacques Sallebert. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Geist Ely. 7. Mlle. Simone Valère of the Théâtre de France, and M. Edouard Morot-Sir, Cultural Counsellor of the French Embassy. 8. Mrs. Paul Manno. 9. M. and Mme. Vincent Grob.



Appia
BERNARDO



From the Bernardo collection, $8.00 to $19.00. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; Bullock's, Pasadena, San Fernando and Westwood; B. Forman Company, Rochester; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C., or write Bernardo Sandals, 17 East 22nd Street, New York 10, New York.

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE


A creamy new form of fragrance that gently clings to your skin far into the exciting hours!
© 1964 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.


FAME & TOUJOURS MOI
Fragrance lasts and lasts...rolls on to your skin in silky little strokes! 3.00
CORDAY
BLENDED IN U.S.A. WITH DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED ESSENCES.

SCOTLAND, THIS SUMMER

(Continued from page 8)

the Ayrshire coast across the Firth of Clyde (County Antrim, Ireland, can be seen from the hotel's terraces on a clear morning), it is an alert, luxe hotel with, for a front lawn, a championship golf course sloping down to the sea. There are hairdressers, barbers, shops, and great food—including local lobster, salmon, and sea trout. Guests swim in ocean water warmed by the Gulf Stream; during the winter, or on a "desperate" summer day, they move to an indoor heated swimming pool; rooms, $14.50.

Nineteen miles out of Glasgow, on the banks inevitably known as "bonnie, bonnie," lies the gabled-and-turreted nineteenth-century country house that has become the *Lomond Castle* hotel. To explore the thirty-some wooded islands of Loch Lomond, a paddle steamer, "Maid of the Loch," takes passengers daily during the summer; rooms, $10.

THE HIGHLANDS

Many one-day sailing excursions to Iona and the other Western Islands leave from Oban, a small resort and fishing port in the west Highlands. Weather cooperating, some cruises promise a stop at Iona (Saint Columba's Sacred Isle) and a visit to its cathedral; one cruise winds through "Six Lochs." Oban's comfortable *Great Western* stands on the sea, with a view across the harbour that becomes famously dramatic at sunset; rooms from $8.

In the dry, bracing air of Nairn on the Moray Firth stands the *Golf View* hotel. It has excellent food and service, as well as an admirable golf course in the near distance; rooms, $10.

Sixty miles due west of Aberdeen, Braemar, in the eastern Highlands, is an enchanting village divided by the River Dee and enclosed by hills and pines and silver birches. Balmoral Castle (the gardens are viewable at certain strategic times) is a few miles down the Dee, and, on rising ground at the entrance to the village, stands a famous inn, the *Invercauld Arms Hotel.* This baronial sweep of grey stone and towers has a long history of hospitality; it was, for instance, there when Queen Victoria set the Royal Seal on Braemar over one hundred years ago. . . .

The Braemar Highland Festival will run this year from June 4 to September 24, will include all-Scottish plays, movies, music, and dancing in a remodelled church near the hotel. . . . Across the way from the cottage where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote much of *Treasure Island* in 1881, the Invercauld Galleries offer a good collection of Scottish handwork. . . . The Festival and its attendant projects are the yearly undertaking of Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld. Braemar castle, seat of the chieftains of Clan Farquharson, can be seen from the hotel dining room, where the food is straightforward and good; rooms, $10.

In Callander, the southern gateway to the west Highlands and the Trossachs, the seventeenth-century hunting lodge of the Dukes of Perth has been turned into the small *Roman Camp Hotel* in a garden-jewelled setting. The food here is markedly Scottish, the furniture antique; rooms, $10.

In the hills of the central Highlands, the town of Pitlochry runs a Festival Theatre—this season from April 18 to October 3. "Stay six days and see six famous plays," is the idea here. An odd six this year include *Twelfth Night, The Seagull, Present Laughter,* and *East Lynne.* The Theatre's restaurant, *The Brown Trout,* makes a point of cold river trout and fresh salmon. More good food and lodging are to be had in the village at the *Atholl Palace* and *Green Park* hotels.

ESPECIALLY FOR SPORTS

Fishing: Where men gather for sports, it's a good bet that there will be comfort and decent food. Scotland is rich in inns where the day's catch is shown on a tray in the hall in the evening. . . . Here's a sampler of hotels that own their own fishing waters, rent them out to guests.

At Kelso in the Border Country (which is also the Walter Scott Country), *Ednam House,* a solid stone Georgian building, sits on the River Tweed with its abundance of brown trout and silver-white roach fish. Fishing charges $1 a day; rooms, $7.

In Glen Clova in the eastern county of Angus, guests at the small, cheery *Ogilvy Arms Hotel* take from neighbouring waters salmon and three kinds of trout —sea, river, loch. Fishing, $1.40 a day; boarding, $31.40 a week.

Grouse shooting: In the Border Country of Peebleshire, the *Hartree Hotel* sets grouse shoots up for its guests, August 12 through December 10. Everything's provided: gun dogs, guns, beaters—ten guns go on each shoot. Book well in advance.

Bird watching: The "catch" on Horse Island off Ardrossan in Ayrshire: five kinds of gull, including black-headed; four kinds of tern: common, Arctic, sandwich, roseate; plovers; oyster catchers. By boat from Ardrossan harbour. See Mr. Robert Arnott, 10 Mayville Street, Stevenston. For permit, see Warden T. B. Scott, Craigard, No. Crescent, Ardrossan.

GETTING TO AND AROUND SCOTLAND

New York to Prestwick is an overnight nonstop flight on B.O.A.C.; beginning May 1, a daily affair. From now until June 11, 21-day excursion fare, $271.50; economy fare, $370.50 round-trip—except May 22 to August 3 when it costs $456.

London to Edinburgh is an eighty-minute flight on B.E.A., which makes at least seven trips a day; round-trip, first class, $60; tourist, $46; night-tourist, $34, takes-off at 11:50 P.M.

This same distance by train, six hours aboard the comfortable Flying Scotsman, Talisman, or Night Scotsman, comes to $17.20, first class, one-way; $11.50, in second.

A good address for hiring chauffeur-driven cars: Adam Cramond & Son, 16 Union Place, Edinburgh; 6-seater Austin, $34 a day for 70 miles; 3-passenger car, $25. Hertz rentals for a 6-seater Ford Zephyr, $107 a week; the small Anglia, $53 a week; for both, unlimited mileage.

Seamprufe

ESPRIT DE PARIS



ESPRIT de PARIS

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Preceding page: "JOYEUSE" gown and peignoir ensemble, $29.95.

Opposite page, top left: "JOYEUSE" long shift, $14.95. Bottom left: "FRIVOLE" gown and peignoir, $16.95 each. Far right: "AUDACE" long gown, $10.95.

This page, left to right, top to bottom: "AUDACE" waltz gown and peignoir ensemble, $25.00. "AUDACE" waltz gown, $10.95. "JOYEUSE" shift, $12.95. "FRIVOLE" shift, $14.95. "CLAIR DE LUNE" shift and peignoir ensemble, $25.00. "FRIVOLE" baby doll, $14.95. "CLAIR DE LUNE" shift, $8.95. "FRIVOLE" waltz gown, $16.95. "CLAIR DE LUNE" long gown, $10.95.

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You'll hear guitars.
Chatham fires the imagination with Spanish colors that smoulder in "Rose of Castile".
Tangerine flamed on gold, bold blue on turquoise, or ripe plum on rose.
72"x90", about $6.





Who put Italy in the bedroom? Chatham did.
You'll build an empire. Don't wait for Rome to do as the Romans. Chatham's fine Italian hand draws on the classic beauty of the eternal city in "Roman Forum", to inspire you to live like Nero's empress, at least.
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CHATHAM'S international blankets are light and airy as a breeze-swept bedroom. Screen printed by hand and completely washable, too, they coordinate with Chatham's SUMMERLON solids. (These in 4 sizes and 8 continental hues, from $5.) So the next time he wants to bring flowers, just insist they be on Chatham.

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And you'll giggle. The boudoir must say l'amour lightheartedly, advise the French—and they should know. Chatham takes their cue with "Fleur d'Amour"... a blanket of field flowers and tri-color ribbons... sous les toits de Paris *to the last sassy bow! 72"x90". About $6.*

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I'd walk up ten flights for a terrace—my own little piece of heaven. And Vision, the terrace dweller's sterling. To give beautiful dinners in the sky. (We can't supply a terrace. But we can offer Vision. Wild young silver rising bolt upright on handles forged at strong right angles—this is Vision, sterling design ten light-years ahead of its time.) 3-piece setting, $30.75. 40-piece service for 8, $400.00.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

The un-easy diet

Struck by the unexpected number of unexpected people travelling to Duke University in North Carolina for "the dieting," we checked and found, fascinatingly, a diet program described by its programmers as neither quick, crash, easy, magical, miracle, 10-day, gourmet, or fun. Indeed, its creator, Dr. Walter Kempner, goes so far as to say it is unpleasant and time-consuming. The diet is based on rice. That part we like immediately. We see extravagant portions of risotto, pilaff, paella, Chinese fried rice dawdling meaningfully on our dinner plate. But then we run into trouble. Rice amplifications, as done at Duke, depend on individual chemistry, checked daily and sternly.... Dr. Kempner became interested in the effect of a strict or modified rice diet on overweight over twenty years ago when he began to treat edema with rice. For a long time now, Dr. Kempner and the Walter Kempner Foundation have extended their rice diet treatment to people whose blood vessels, hearts, and kidneys are in acceptable working order, but whose avoirdupois leaves something in *their* minds, anyway, to be desired.... For this "low calorie, relatively high-carbohydrate, low-protein, low-fat, salt-free diet," the patient life at Duke University Medical Center goes like this. Patients accepted only if they are able and willing to stay under rigid supervision at Duke until they have reached a normal weight level; for one patient this might mean a week, for another several months. Upon arrival, there's a complete physical examination, a specific diet prescription that might change from day to day. Patients stay wherever they wish—in local hotels, motels, private houses, or in one of the special diet houses near Duke. No eating allowed, however, except in a Diet House. "The treatment of obesity is a time-consuming job which should not be tried in a hit or miss fashion according to the patient's own taste and preference, but should be carried out on a scientific basis. In spite of everything, it is a lesser evil," Dr. Kempner said. No fooling around in Dr. Kempner's duchy.

Old soap, oldest drug store

It's a lush, creamy soap for dry skin, its base is milk and beef tallow, its wrapping has Florentine flourish. It comes this month to Lord & Taylor from Florence and news of it lured us onto the old drug store path. The soap's formula was worked up four-hundred years ago by monks in what is generally acknowledged to be the oldest drug store in the world. The Officina Profumo Farmaceutica di Santa Maria Novella dates to 1400, looks more like a museum than a pharmacy with its original frescoes by famous Italian artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, its ancient pottery, its rows of portraits of the Stefani-Bernardini family who have owned it since 1612. Some other centuries-old brews dispensed here: iris flower soap; Virgin Milk for blemishes and freckles; Pomata di Vette D'Albero, a green ointment "guaranteed" to curb incipient baldness; ylang-ylang perfume—that's a Far Eastern flower.

Make-up over make-up news

As we note on page 121, that notoriously dynamic blonde named Estée Lauder, whose instinct for chic make-up is held rather universally in awe, has crashed the make-up on make-up combination. To seventeen of her demonstrators around the country, she sent out an emergency call, rounded them up for a day in New York of intense testing of the multiple make-up idea. Seeking an unfailing combination, they experimented with every colour, every entry in the Lauder collection, one upon the other in every possible mix. The results look like the face page 120, read like this. A basic foundation of Peach Film; over this, the glow-y Evening Peach—the overcast *all* over, or just around the edges. Two cream rouge blushers—Evening Blush, sparkled up at the edges with Evening Rose. Lipstick—Sorrento Pink first, Evening Blush next; the more Evening Blush, the paler the mouth. Two eye shadows: Greylight plus a thin ribbon of Iridescent Turquoise. Two eyeliners—one Charcoal; over it, Evening Turquoise. If powder is wanted—some want, some don't—Mrs. Lauder's face class settled on Peach Film plus Evening Peach.



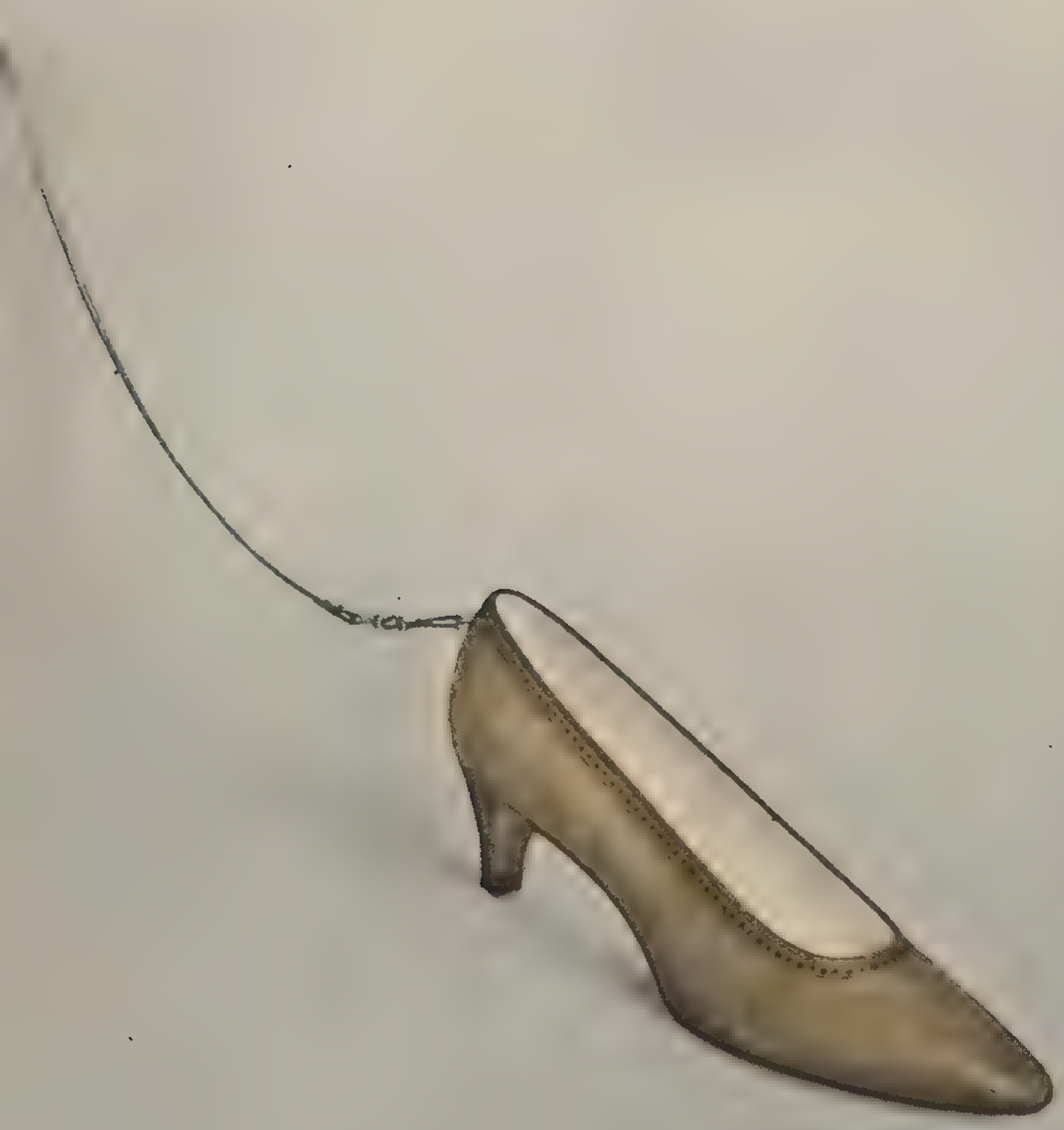
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movies

BY PAUL BRESLOW

The Best Man, "a satisfying diversion"

To account for the pleasure, moderate but undeniable, afforded by *The Best Man*, which is about a struggle for the Presidential nomination between two men of sharply contrasting temperaments, one is compelled, by a number of its attributes, to turn to the rather difficult matter of the relation between the film and its audience. For one thing, *The Best Man* is a filmed play (Gore Vidal has adapted his own stage script), and its cinematic qualities are limited to lucidity of direction and naturalistic, textured lighting, which serve the immediate purposes of the dialogue. Moreover, although we are given a number of simple muckraking amusements, and there are droll caricature-performances in minor rôles (by Ann Sothern and John Henry Faulk, among others), these comic moments are subordinated to a purpose that is plainly instructive.

The enlightenment toward which this movie gently, and without risking offense, prods us is not, as one might expect, composed of solutions to specific political problems. Throughout the confrontation, within a nominating convention, of a candidate who is intelligent, mildly ironical, and, though a paragon of public virtues, somewhat unconventional in his private life, with another, cruder man of hideous public impropriety and sterling private conformity, we are asked to assess the responses of these predetermined characters to one another and to the pressures of a changing situation.

This technique of structured moral disclosures the author has claimed, in an essay, to have learned from Henry James, but its origins in the novel do not determine its uses here. In a novel, we may be directly admitted to a character's perceptions; in a film of this sort, we are asked to arrive at a feeling that imitates what is not shown by recognizing what is shown. Specifically, we are brought to see Henry Fonda, who plays the sympathetic candidate, as something of an abstraction. His image is there, of course, and so are his words, but his thoughts and the underlying attitudes of his author are not: we are asked to create them. The effect is not that of "identifying with" a character: it is that of identifying with the process of creating the character.

Henry Fonda knows how to trigger our fantasies. His appearance is appropriate, and he has a talent for understated motion: he can stand still and let his eyes and facial creases work for him (though he'd be a more convincing patrician of the type specified if his speech were less flatly of the plains and he didn't say "stoo-pid"). To this figure of incipient aristocracy, the author opposes a plebeian heavy, Senator Cantwell, played by Cliff Robertson. The trouble is that Cantwell cants poorly, and Fonda suffers in our eyes, as well as in the plot, by the unworthiness of the opposition.

Since the script charges manners and forms, rather than substances and goals, with moral content, Fonda triumphs on basic points of etiquette alone. The result is a satisfying diversion from weightier topical contentions, which receive only tangential discussion. That the hero of the dream is permitted moral victory through defeat, I ascribe to the fortunate absence from American politics of traditions comparable to those of classical drama, and not to any special sociological insights requiring a bittersweet outcome; it's just that we are allowed happy, if mediocre, tragedies.

Vanderbeek shorts, "absolute malcontent"

At a number of uncomfortable showings, in recent months, of what pass, by aggression, for avant-garde works, the prevailing drear has been relieved by Stan Vanderbeek's short films. A practitioner of scissors-and-paste collage, Vanderbeek animates portions of ads and an assortment of photographic débris to create, in such works as *Breath-Death*, surrealist visions of absolute malcontent. A typical image shows an enormously elongated car that is partly composed of corsets; the effect of communal hallucination is sustained by sounds that range from abstract noises to excerpts from soap operas; all this is at least as interesting as the torture of animals to which commercial cartoons are devoted.

Is it true that English women make better wives?

Decidedly yes—say English husbands.

Of course, American husbands say American women make better wives.

So there you are.

Interestingly enough, husbands on both sides of the Atlantic feel that what elevates their wives above the ordinary is a flair for the Graceful Gesture.

Such as? Well, such as making sure there are lots of fresh-cut flowers around to brighten up the house.

Or, even more important, welcoming himself home at day's end with a Glorious Gordon's Martini. Still based on Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, Gordon's has long been the world's husband-pleasingest gin.

Why not take a cue from this and, tonight, greet your husband with a Glorious Gordon's Martini.*

A few evenings of Graceful Gestures with Gordon's and he'll be bringing flowers to *you!*

***4 Steps to a Glorious Martini:** (1) half fill mixing glass with ice; (2) add 4 or more parts of Gordon's Gin, 1 part Dry Vermouth; (3) stir well, strain into chilled glass; (4) optional: add olive or lemon peel twist.

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theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

The Deputy, "a public event"

After productions in Berlin, London, Paris, and other cities, after the controversies that this play has started everywhere, the arrival of Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* in New York is almost an anticlimax. As everyone knows, this is "that play about the Pope." It is no longer a dramatic text or a theatrical evening but a public event, like a session of Congress. Critical evaluation has become difficult because, on every side, only a single moral issue is invoked: "Should the Pope have protested against the killing of the Jews?"

At the same time that I acknowledge Hochhuth's evidence, in his published appendix, that Hitler was losing the power to enforce reprisals, I must add that the principal present argument for the Pope—the danger of reprisals against the Catholic world—is not directly faced in the play. The Pope of *The Deputy* has closed his mind long before reaching this question; he has based his decisions on motives that do not interest us: the belief that Hitler was saving Europe from the Russians, hostility to the "unconditional surrender" policy, resentment of the Allied bombing of San Lorenzo. But Hochhuth contends that these were, in fact, the Pope's real reasons. Should he change history? Yes, if that will make the play more credible. What the play needs is a credible Pope, not necessarily an historical one. The British producers of the play evidently recognized this problem, since they made Alan Webb (and, later, Eric Porter) play the Pope against his lines, making him more negligent than spiteful. In New York, Emlyn Williams plays the Pope forthrightly and vigorously, thus doubling the prelate's guilt.

The Deputy gets ample benefits from the authority of history. No one can question the appeal of that authority, in view of the current spate of plays about Dylan Thomas, Josef Stalin, Marilyn Monroe, Fanny Brice, and other newsmakers. Hochhuth gets the impression of reality into his play because he takes serious history and treats it seriously, as Paddy Chayefsky did not do in his play about Stalin. When history is effectively used, it has the effect of making drama seem secondary. This is known technically as the art of concealing art. Hochhuth has succeeded in this art because, more than any other recent writers of biographical-historical plays, he has succeeded in making his audience talk about truth and not about art.

Still, *The Deputy* is, after all, a play as well as a public event. It is a curiously old-fashioned play, constructed on a simple, overused principle: almost every scene rests upon the intrusion of characters into some sanctum where they do not belong. An ss man bursts in on a Papal Nuncio, a priest returns the visit to the ss man, a pair of priests call at Gestapo headquarters, a priest pays an unauthorized visit to the Pope, and, at last, the priest joins Jewish prisoners on the way to Auschwitz. It takes considerable history to divert us from so much use of a single technique.

The Broadway production is too often underplayed and listless, apparently to prepare contrasts for later moments of crisis or of heroism. On the other hand, one good, highly theatrical scene is spoiled by too much heroism and insufficient humanity. This is the scene in which a Gestapo officer compels one prisoner to spit upon another. As played in Paris, it was unforgettable, but in this country the Gestapo man is not malicious enough (too busy being sleepy and casual), the primary victim is not scared enough (too busy being uprightly incredulous), and the spat-upon bystander is not innocent enough (too busy looking noble). In defiance of Hochhuth's text, one of the presumably Catholic prisoners is made to proclaim that he really is a Jew. That heroic gesture is best left for the priest-protagonist, to whom it belongs. And yet the play's seriousness outweighs these gross faults of interpretation.

Jane

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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

My Heart Is Broken, "feminine and sinewy"

"My paintings are very violent but also very tender." So writes Sylvie, a beguiling Parisian baggage to a part-time lover, in "The Cost of Living," one of the stories of Mavis Gallant's new collection, *My Heart Is Broken.* In a general way, Miss Gallant's stories are like Sylvie's paintings, but knowing Sylvie as we do (she has the attention-span of a fruit fly and the catholicity of a con man; besides painting, she fiddles with film scenarios, bones up on Brecht, and when we last see her she has joined a Christian cooperative society and downgrades Maritain as materialistic), we can be pretty sure she hasn't a scrap of ability. Miss Gallant, though, has been most generously accommodated with talent and she knows how to use it.

The tenderness, *soi-disant*, of Sylvie's paintings becomes in Miss Gallant's work a kind of patience with the nonsense and equivocations of reality; without chiding or giggling snidely, she accepts her people's silliness and their self-defeat. And in none of the eight stories or the novella that comprise the book is violence ever overt; subterranean hatreds smoulder and grudges, as old as the hills, are fed like somnolent boa constrictors in zoos. But the conflagrations are kept in check and the serpents don't hug anyone to death. While they may totter in all directions and suffer and sin, Gallant characters survive.

Miss Horeham, in the admirable "The Moabitess," is as poor as a church mouse and as lonesome as a foundling; she is the recipient of cast-off dresses and half-drunk bottles of wine given her by fellow lodgers in the seedy Riviera pensions she frequents out of season when the rates are low. Within her prissy, timid envelope there is a wrathful heart and she excoriates her dead father whom she had nursed for ages (without complaint! "She had walked seven miles to buy him an egg!") to the slobbering end; he left her not a tuppence. They had interminably lived, the spinster and the valetudinarian, in a derelict villa where they had read nothing but the Bible. "She felt as if 'Charity' should be written on her in letters four feet high, so that wherever her father was, in whatever dark passage of the dead, he might see the word and doubly perish." But her ferocity is humbled and hamstrung by the memory of how, as he died, he knew her not as his lone, lorn, daughter but as Ruth, the Moabitess, whom he and she had thought she resembled when she acted out Bible stories.

Momentarily setting aside her wish for a second death for him, she is urged by a thin, tough filament of pride to take from a trunkful of gimcrack mementoes a scarf which she drapes over her head; gazing in the mirror at her luminous, important eyes, "She smiled at herself, for of everyone in the house only Miss Horeham had favour in the sight of the Lord." Awful Miss Horeham, so embarrassing in her plural destitution that one would instinctively step behind a rubber tree in the lounge to avoid her, poor Miss Horeham, hostess to a dragon, does have this tender, dotty dolly to cuddle.

Most of Miss Gallant's characters are British colonials or expatriates from the colonies or from London and most of them exist without fixed abode on wispy legacies or wispy jobs (a London girl in "Sunday Afternoon" sells the *Herald Tribune* and magazine subscriptions in Paris, and lives with a close-fisted American lover). The hands that receive the alms are white-gloved and the songs sung for suppers are blithe and clearly enunciated.

The non-British whose paths cross those of the decorous vagabonds are for the most part given to crust, emotionalism, unthinkable toploftiness about their own countries, moral slovenliness. In juxtaposition, the former often come off better than Albion's sons and daughters.

There are degrees of excellence in this book, but it is always good. Miss Gallant's gift is very feminine and very sinewy. Her prose is prepossessing.

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Julius Boros, U.S. Open Champion, and partner in His and Her X-Pan-O-Matic Drizzlers. Hers, in sweetpea print, about $16.* With it, Her McGregor Eirelin fly-front golf bermudas of "Dacron"** and cotton with Magic Marker belt, about $11.* And La Sport cotton lisle knit shirt, about $6.



Mary Mills, Women's U. S. Open Champion, in Her Amazing Stretch Golf Jacket—the McGregor jacket that's totally stretch, about $20.* With it, Her Amazing Stretch Bermudas with hugger waistband, about $13.* And Her Madura Madras Shirt, without sleeves, with handy locker loop, about $7.*



Her Ridge Knit Cardigan, free, easy, everything you'd expect a McGregor golf sweater to be—including the V-neck, the brisk texture, and the soft mild warmth of mohair and wool, about $16.*

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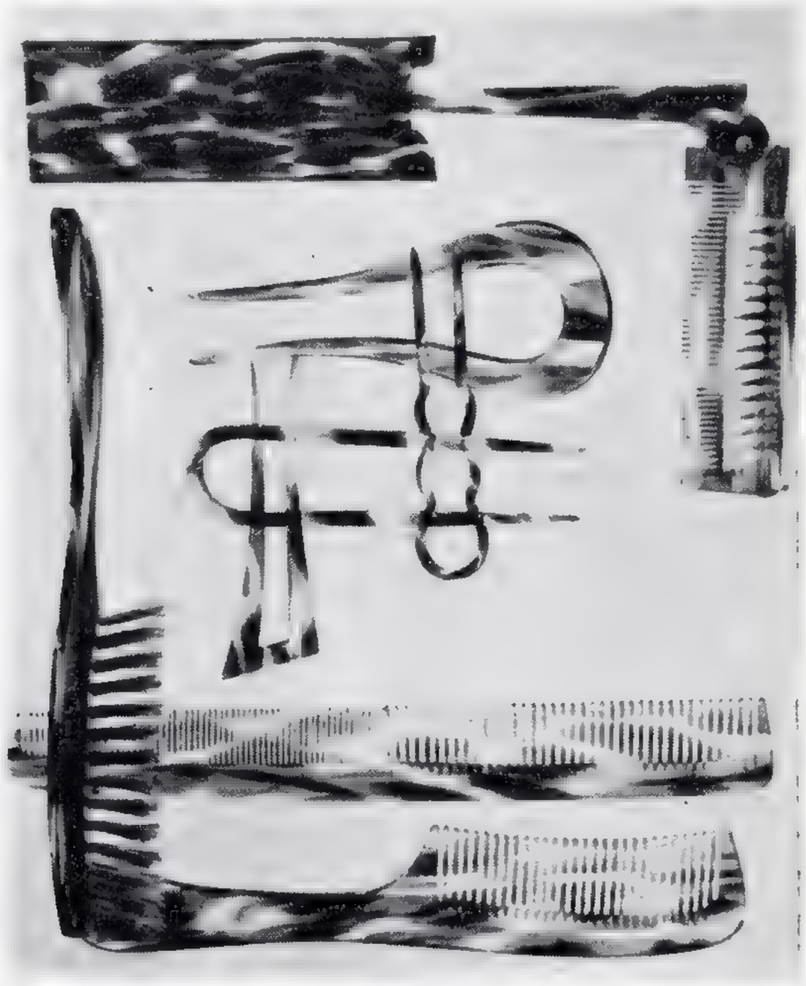
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Hair-coping with tortoise-shell finesse



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

One little Far Eastern turtle started it all thousands of years ago—the great big vogue for tortoise shell. They've been faking that little turtle's lovely translucent browns and yellows ever since and all over the world—in this case in Switzerland where sensitive hands are moulding these shapely hair-doers. From a tortoise-shell case, a comb-and-brush-in-one unfolds; $3.50. The long comb, long enough to get a hold on a whole section of wig, $1.50. The handled comb, $1.50. The pure-bristle brush, slender-handled, small for a handbag, $7.50. The hairpins, barrette, and chignon pin, 25¢ to $1.50. By Speert, at drug store boutiques.

Swivelling in for strokes of brilliance

The whole idea of brushes for beauty is sneaking up so clearly that it's almost a takeover. How you carry a cosmetic brush in your handbag is a fascinating business that will probably evoke dozens of inventions. We're here to report one of the first on the scene, a nifty, totable complexion brush by L'Oréal of Paris. A small bundle of silky camel-blend hair tied to a great idea, it looks like a lipstick, swivels up for action like a lipstick, travels like a lipstick. An oval compact holds the other half of the brush's charm: what it's meant to apply. That's L'Oréal's "Touch Me Pink" blusher in three glowing shades of blush—Light, Peach, or Tawny. Either of these very portable tools for advanced face sculpture can be bought separately, in black and golden cases, at beauty salons all over.

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COTTON IN THE UNDERCURRENT

Cotton under cotton for cool summer days, evenings





The wave of summer cottons is breaking all over fashion now—and following through with a strong undercurrent of more cotton. There isn't a cooler way to live in summer. *Above, left:* White batiste strapless brassière that smooths to just below the waist, is carved out for dresses with backs open to the sun—or moon. By Peter Pan. Of Dacron-nylon-cotton batiste and Lycra. $8. At Altman's. *Above, right:* Cool white cotton broadcloth with all the control of Lycra, and the freedom of stretch straps. By Charmfit. Of cotton and uncovered Lycra. $4. Lord & Taylor. *Below, left:* White cotton brassière with narrow little stretch inserts running around each cup. By Maidenform. Of cotton broadcloth and power net of Lycra. $3. Best & Co. *Below, right:* Long-line white brassière with control through the midriff, stretch in its straps. By Surprise. Of cotton-nylon-Dacron and Lycra. $8. At Altman's.



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Waterville; *Butler's Store*
Waterville; *Sterns Store*
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Athol; *Moskovitz Women's Shop*
Attleboro; *London's Inc.*
Attleboro; *Milady's Shop*
Bedford; *Stefanie Fashions*
Biddeford; *H. Polakewich*
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Jamaica Plain; *Wayne Store*
Lee; *Towne Shoppe*
Lexington; *Loralane, Inc.*
Lowell; *The Bon Marche*
Lynn; *Burrows & Sanborn*
Lynn; *T. W. Rogers*
Malden; *Boston Leader*
Malden; *Hardwick's*
Mattapan; *Murray's Store*
Melrose; *Clement's Inc.*
Middleboro; *The Boston Store*
Milford, Whitinsville; *Louis Fashion Shop*
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Beverly, Danvers, Burlington, and Salem, Beverly; *Webber's*
Saugus; *Hoffman's*
Southbridge; *Edwards*
Springfield; *Blake's Store*
Springfield; *Brigham Co.*
Springfield; *Forbes & Wallace*
Springfield, Longmeadow; *Steiger's*
Stoughton;*Women's ApparelShop*
Wakefield; *Bowser's*
Waltham; *Grover Cronin*
Waltham; *Parke Snow & branches*
Waltham; *Vanity Shops*
Ware; *Cohen's Fashion*
Wareham; *George E. Cornwell*

MASSACHUSETTS *(cont'd)*
West Roxbury; *De Celle*
Westfield;*Block'sWoman'sShop*
Westfield; *Brundage's*
Whitman; *Spinning Wheel*
Worcester; *Barnard, Sumner & Putnam*
Worcester; *Cutler's Clothing*
Worcester; *Denholm & McKay*
Worcester; *Filene's*
Worcester; *Richard Healy*
Worcester; *R. H. White*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord; *Britt's*
Dover; *Ray's Shoppe*
Keene,Milford; *QualityShoppe*
Keene; *The Vogue*
Laconia; *Oscar Lougee*
Laconia; *Dennis O'Shea*
Manchester; *James W. Hill*
Manchester; *Leavitt's*
Manchester;*ManchesterDryGoods*
Manchester; *A. Machinist's*
Nashua; *Miller's Women's Shop*
Nashua; *Speare DryGoods*
Peterborough; *Derby's Store*
Pittsfield; *Dustin's Store*
Plymouth; *The Style Center*
Portsmouth; *GeorgeH.Kimball*

NEW JERSEY
AsburyPark,RedBank;*Steinbach's*
Bridgeton; *Rovner's Store*
Camden; *Dewees*
Clifton; *Williams Store*
Cranford; *Jay Mar*
Denville; *Anne Wayne Shoppe*
East Orange; *Muir's*
Elizabeth, Plainfield; *Goerke*
Hackensack; *Famous Fain*
Hackensack, Tenafly, Westwood; *Willner's*
Metuchen; *Morris Stores*
Millville; *Fashion Shops*
Mt.Pleasant; *Abromowitz Store*
Newark; *Bamberger's & branches*
Newton; *Gerri-Lee*
Parlin, Freehold; *Syloette Shops*
Passaic; *The Fair*
Pompton Lakes; *Gelman's Store*
Ridgewood; *Hood Steven*
Rutherford; *Ann-Lynn Shoppe*
Somerville; *Burke's*
Trenton; *Nevius Voorhees*
Union City; *A. Holthausen*
Vineland; *Marrene Shop*

NEW YORK
Amagansett; *La Carubba's*
Amsterdam; *Lurie's*
Auburn; *Hislop's*
Batavia; *C. L. Carr*
Binghamton;*FowlerDick&Walker*
Binghamton; *Tri-Phi Shops & branches*
Bronx; *Mary Lerner*
Buffalo;*AdamMeldrum&Anderson & branches*
Catskill; *Smart Shop*
Corning; *Rockwell Co.*
Cortland; *Rose Co.*
East Rochester; Saxton's
Elmira; *S. F. Iszard*
Endicott; *Burts*
Great Neck; *Rhoda Sportswear*
Greenville; *Vons Dept. Store*
Haverstraw, New City and Stoney Point; *Lichter's*
Herkimer; *Munger's-Genung*
Hudson; *Richman's*
Jamestown; *Bigelow's*
Kingston; *London's*
Latham; *Boston Store*
Lockport; *Williams Bros.*
Maspeth; *Macrae's*
Massena; *Boston Store*
Middletown; *Tompkins DryGoods*
Newburgh; *Fish-Freinhar*
New Paltz; *Carrolls Store*
New York; *Empress Sportswear*
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New York; *Gimbels & branches*
New York; *Macy's & branches*
New York; *Monti Shop*
New York; *Saks-34th&branches*
New York; *Seymour Co.*
NorthTonawanda; *Jenss Stores*
Oneonta; *Bresee's*
Painted Post; *Ben Brown*
Peekskill; *Rudolph's*
PennYam; *Lown's*
Port Chester; *Kaplan's Store*
Riverhead; *Le Roys*
Rochester; *McCurdy's & branches*
Rockville Centre; *Bob Hopkins*
Rome; *Kanoff's*
Schenectady; *Carl Co. & branches*
Schenectady; *Wallace Co.*
Suffern; *Frieda Barry*
Suffern; *Genung's*
Syracuse; *Chappell's*
Syracuse; *Dey Bros.*
Syracuse; *Lady Fair Fashions*
Syracuse; *L. A. Witherill*
WappingerFalls;*FlorenceHenderson*
Watertown; *Globe-Watertown*
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Westchester; *Genung's & branches*
White Plains; *Mary Lerner*
Yonkers; *Mimi-Yonkers*

PENNSYLVANIA
Aliquippa; *Staman's*
Allison Park; *Donna Lou Shop*
Altoona; *Bon Ton Store*
Altoona; *Wm. F. Gable*
Altoona; *Kaufman's*
Ambridge; *Davidson's Store*
Ambridge; *Pearl Fashion Shop*
Apollo; *Rubin's*
Barnesboro; *Freeman's*
Beaver; *Koelbel's*
Belle Vernon; *Vic's*
Bloomsburg; *Robert's*
Bellefonte; *Danks & Co.*
Braddock; *Jaison's*
Bradford; *Johnston Store*

PENNSYLVANIA *(cont'd)*
Bradford; *A. J. Olsen*
Brookville; *Rubin's*
Brownsville; *Kart's*
Butler; *A. E. Troutman*
Canonsburg; *Betty Lee Shops*
Canonsburg; *Borchert's*
Carbondale; *Globe Fashion*
Carlisle, Hanover; *Wenger's*
Carnegie; *Block's*
Carnegie; *Price's Dress Shop*
Charleroi; *Miller's*
Charleroi; *The Showcase*
Chester; *Speare Bros.*
Clarion; *Jerri's*
Clearfield; *Leitzinger's*
Connellsville; *A. E. Troutman*
Donora; *William's of MonValley*
Du Bois; *Leonardson's*
Easton; *Orr's*
Ebensburg; *Shadden's*
Edinboro; *Vi-Engel*
Ellwood City; *Edmins*
Ellwood City; *Schweiger's*
Erie; *The Boston Store*
Erie; *Kline's & branches*
Erie; *The Sportsman*
Erie; *Trask's & branches*
Export; *The Hub Store*
Franklin; *The Fashion*
Fredericktown; *Lazovik's*
Greensburg; *Royer's*
Greensburg; *A. E. Troutman*
Greenville; *Friedman's*
Harrisburg; *Bowman's Store*
Harrisburg; *Feller's Inc.*
Hatboro; *Santerian's*
Homestead; *Hyman's*
Honesdale; *Katz Bros.*
Honesdale; *Mackles*
Huntingdon; *Ames*
Huntingdon; *Danks & Co.*
Huntingdon; *Poser's*
Indiana; *Brody's*
Indiana; *A. E. Troutman*
Jeannette; *M. A. Gillespie*
Jeannette; *Rattner's*
Johnstown; *Berg's*
Johnstown; *Glosser Bros.*
Johnstown; *Penn Traffic*
Johnstown; *Town&Country Shop*
Kane; *Suzanne Shoppe*
Lancaster; *Garvin's*
Lancaster; *Hager's*
Lancaster; *Watt & Shand*
Latrobe; *Hollywood Shop*
Latrobe; *A. E. Troutman*
Lebanon; *Haak Bros.*
Leechburg; *PhiladelphiaStore*
Lewistown; *Danks & Co.*
Lewistown; *McMeens Store*
McKeesport; *Cox's*
McKeesport; *Immel's*
Meadeville; *Crawford Store*
Media; *Snowden's*
Milford; *Bloomgardens*
Monessen; *Agnes Shoppe*
Monessen; *Eisenberg's*
Monongahela; *Miller's Shoppe*
Montrose; *Montrose Dept.Store*
Mt. Union; *Dave Saxe*
NewCastle;*NewCastle DryGoods*
New Castle; *Strouss-Hirshberg*
New Kensington; *Hart's*
NewKensington;*Mac'sVillageStore*
NewWilmington;*F.D.Mac&Sons*
Newtown; *The Towne Shop*
Norristown;*Friedman's NewYork*
Oil City; *Brody's*
Oil City; *Freems'*
Philadelphia; *Allen's*
Philadelphia; *Rose's Corsetry*
Philadelphia; *John Wanamaker*
Philipsburg; *Parsky's*
Pittsburgh; *Gimbels&branches*
Pittsburgh;*JosephHorne&branches*
Pittsburgh; *Imperial Hosiery*
Pittsburgh; *Kaufmann's*
Pittsburgh; *A. J. Mansmann*
Pittsburgh; *Stephen-Richard*
Pottsville; *Pomeroy's*
Punxsutawney; *Smart Shops*
Quakertown; *The Weiss Store*
Reading; *Imber's*
Reading; *Pomeroy's*
Reading; *Whitner's*
Rochester; *Edmin's*
St. Mary's; *Berman's*
Scranton; *Scranton Dry Goods*
Sharon; *Sharon Store*
Sharon; *Whitmer-Smith*
State College; *Danks & Co.*
Stroudsburg; *A. B. Wyckoff*
Sunbury; *Bowman's*
Turtle Creek; *I. Fineman*
Uniontown; *N. Kaufman's*
Uniontown; *Metzler's*
Vandergrift; *PeggyAnn Shoppe*
Vandergrift; *Rubin's*
Warren; *Miller Shop*
Washington; *Lang's*
Waynesburg; *Rapport's*
West Chester; *Mosteller's*
York; *Charles H. Bear*
York; *Bon Ton Store*

RHODE ISLAND
East Greenwich; *Silverman's*
Providence;*The Outlet & branches*
Wakefield; *Kenyons'*
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VERMONT
Barre; *Homer Fitts*
Bennington; *E.L.Nichols Store*
Brattleboro; *J. E. Mann*
Burlington; *Abernethy's*
Burlington; *Hill's Store*
Burlington; *C.DurrellSimonds*
Burlington; *Magrams Fashion*
Lyndonville; *Winifred Ronan*
Middlebury; *Lazarus Store*
Montpelier; *Gray's*
Rutland; *Economy Dept.Store*
St. Albans; *Wm. Doolin*
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EYE VIEW: THE RAVISHING HATS OF PARIS

Paris is riddled with pretty hats this spring: never have we seen so many—and never, never, never have we been more tempted. And while we won't go as far as to predict a general return to hat-edness, we will say this: to see one is to long to have one on your head. As for the hat below, it's one of Givenchy's marvellous printed silks —black-and-white gathered on a big round brim, and it makes light and shadow skitter in the most charming way across the face beneath. Worn here by Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza. Hat in America at I. Magnin. More Givenchy news, the next eight pages.



BERT STERN



BERT STERN

It runs two-and-a-half hours, yet you come away from the new Givenchy collection refreshed and hungry for more—these are clothes one never tires of seeing, of wearing. This is Givenchy—visibly in the gentle, pretty, happy-spring mood of Paris, but completely his own man—never sentimental, never nostalgic. His is the essence of young contemporary luxe—the miraculous "little" dresses with their flat, finishing fold at the back of the shoulder...the seaming that defines a small high bosom...the subtle gathers—at the waist or under perfect rolled collars—that release the slightest blousing at the back of daytime tunic-dresses, evening shirt-dresses...the use of bias to mould dresses, blouses. And the blouses—truly Givenchy dresses in miniature. Now often cut up like halters to show more skin on the shoulders, and ravishing—a silk blouse in clear-sky blue and white, all suppleness and a tiny wound-about waist. With this, one of his adored back-of-the-head turbans in a matching Liberty silk print, and a white-linen version of his runaway suit-success—easy-belted jacket, lightly shaped to the hipbone, fastened off-centre. Always with smaller, rounded shoulders; beautiful, narrow set-in sleeves; a jot of fullness beneath the belt; walking skirts sometimes panelled in back. These, divine in brilliant turquoise raw silk with a black belt, fuchsia-and-black turban...chrome-yellow wool with a blue-and-yellow turban. Givenchy's colours are an adventure for the eye—tone on tone of flaming cloqué organza in his fascinating new strapless evening dress, mounted on a tiny corselet, and very soft. Sultry Kashmiri colours—reds, purples, yellows—on his long, loosened organza princesse; matching mantilla high on the head; slippers of the same print. Wearing the news, these pages: Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza and Mrs. Patrick Guinness, two young beauties whose own feelings for modern spirited fashion are right on the Givenchy wavelength.

GIVENCHY

The extraordinarily pure, strong profile of Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza domed, for evening, by a cache-chignon. This, in lacquered strips of emerald-green straw, with lacquered green flowers shooting up everywhere like glossy ringlets—one of an irresistible stream of Givenchy evening hats, each wittier, more gloriously pretty than the next. In America, this cache-chignon is at Bergdorf Goodman and I. Magnin.

GIVENCHY





The easy-belted jacket, closed on the side—Baroness Thyssen wears Givenchy's radiant suit-success in bright chrome-yellow wool. Lightly shaped to the hipbone, with a clean little hedge of collar, small rounded shoulders, pockets and softness below the waist. With it, the new hat sensation—Givenchy's printed silk turban, India blue-and-yellow. Suit and turban, in America at I. Magnin. Suit, also: Marshall Field. Turban: Bergdorf Goodman.

Closed on the side, the tunic coatdress—a Givenchy cachet at the peak of its freshness and ease. White linen belted in white leather with a rolled open shirt collar, panelled skirt, his wonderfully facile back—light blousing released between gathers under the collar, above the waist. Worn—by Mrs. Patrick Guinness—with a chiffon turban in black and shades of wine. The dress and turban, in America at I. Magnin. Turban, also Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

GIVENCHY



BERT STERN

Mrs. Patrick Guinness, a grey-eyed beauty with romantic, chiselled features, wears two of Givenchy's marvellous blouses—each as perfect as a dress in miniature. Left, halter-effects in pale-blue and white silk cut high on the shoulders, gathered, wound about the waist. It was shown with a matching turban, belted white linen suit. The turban at Bergdorf Goodman.

Pure white organdie overblouse with a flat bow laid crisply across carved-out shoulders—another of the discreetly provocative ways that skin showed when suit jackets came off at Givenchy. The suit: navy blue. This, and everything on these two pages, at I. Magnin.



GIVENCHY



The return of the strapless dress at Givenchy—a moment marked by enormous tenderness and allure. Empire in feeling, mounted always on a tiny corselet, very soft on the body. Mrs. Patrick Guinness wears it in tones of flame-dotted cloqué organza—drapery on the bosom, flounced hem lifted in front. I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure.

BERT STERN



The softest shirring—one of a series of ravishing chiffon dresses; slightly high-waisted, with a skirt that's all sway and cling, shorter in front—Givenchy showed, all through his collection, Mancini's evening slippers in the same fabrics as the dresses. . . . Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza is the beauty involved. Dress, at I. Magnin.

GIVENCHY



The shirt supreme—Givenchy's bright garden of white-flowered turquoise surah, buttoned to the waist, tied; a jot of blousing in back under the small rolled collar. Baroness Thyssen wears it with a matching shawl. I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



Vivid Kashmiri colours of organza—Givenchy's new princesse shape, floating away from the body, showing a flicker of ankle in front. High on Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza's head: a baby mantilla. At I. Magnin.





If it's true that as Balenciaga goes, so goes fashion, well then: cheers—we could live forever on the flattery of his new collection. Nobody is more sensitive to what is most subtly beautiful in the human figure—the length and curve of the back, the grace of it in motion. And in a thousand ways, he elongates it, makes is supple—drawstring tops gathered and very full at the back of short printed silks . . . biased tunic dresses with blousing and oval yokes dropped below the waist in back, real fit on the hips—particularly pretty in black crêpe with a sharp sliver of white piqué at the hem. Wonderful, heavy linens throughout, always with fascinating backs—a biased two-piece dress with a moulded overblouse lowered in back and a straight back-dipped yoke; this in a fresh spinach-green with—a surprise for Balenciaga—a fake rose in palest pink . . . his longer-jacket suit in white linen, seamed behind the easiest shoulders in the world, making a stretched-out, very dégagé profile. A marvellous new soft-tailored coat: dolman-sleeved and really wide through the top, narrowing to the hem, with S-seams forming a deep yoke across an astonishingly fluid back. He showed it in camel wool, with a navy shantung dress, white felt beret, and his favourite day shoes—laced beige-blond leather with stacked heels and a charming, delicate look on the foot. Same shoes for an adventure in sport-deluxe—double-faced coat in camel and strong Spanish-pink, pod-green linen dress, beige chiffon scarf tied over a tiny pillbox. As always, Balenciaga is inspired by weather—his rainy-day ideas are the gayest, most practical, on earth. We loved his sou'wester and over-the-knee coat in white cloqué ciré, with layers of charm underneath—navy poplin rainsuit, marigold jersey blouse, red-and-navy tights, silver buckled shoes. Navy blue was a Balenciaga delight for evening too—flounced and belted organza, ruffled to the floor; a cocoon-of-ruffles cape . . . a floaty little navy-blue lace, swinging from tiny straps. His evening looks have never seemed more alluring—a stream of very soft, very moving crêpes . . . strapless tops again, and curved slits to the knee. A ravishing example: strapless, slit white sheath worn under the most spectacular wrap in Paris—an enormous sweeping Doge coat, made entirely of appliquéd sweetpeas in white, pinks, and leaf-greens.

BALENCIAGA

Mrs. Yul Brynner—a redhead's fair, faintly freckled skin and fascinating pale Flemish eyes veiled by petal lids. Here, she wears Balenciaga's new matador hat—a delicious evening fantasy made of nine cut-tulle pompons. This, and the short, black, cape-sleeved ottoman coat: I. Magnin. The hat, also at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

The longer jacket, single-breasted, easy everywhere; a favourite new suit-proportion, in the whitest of whites—Balenciaga-white linen, gilt-buttoned. Long sleeves mounted on dropped, very soft shoulders; high yoke front and back; a perfection of collar, rolled off the neck. In America, at I. Magnin.

BERT STERN

BALENCIAGA

Profile of a triumph: Balenciaga's new S-seam coat in camel-coloured wool—all soft width through the top and a fluid, narrowing body. The small rolled collar shows here; one full dolman sleeve set very low and the seams themselves—curved over the arms to become the deep yoke that controls the fantastic suppleness of the back. (That view, next page.) Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin.

Barbares



Mrs. Yul Brynner in three views of Balenciaga's extraordinary S-seam coat. Close-up: the focus of its superb new proportions—the seams, now a low yoke, giving width and ease: subtly dipping the line of a woman's back, lengthening it, revealing it in motion. Front view: single-breasted, curved pockets, narrowed hem. Navy-and-white scarf, white beret. Back view: dolman sleeves tapering from deep armholes. Hat and coat: Bergdorf Goodman and I. Magnin.

Balenciaga's touchingly beautiful pink crêpe: pale, heavy, very soft—carved neck, gathers, a sash, and a slight lift of hem over the slipper-tops. Mrs. Brynner wears it with his embroidered pink tulle mantilla on a black faille pillbox. Dress, of Abraham crêpe, and mantilla, at I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The realistic splash of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge in the Republican presidential swimming pool, mainly because of his smash at the New Hampshire primary, where this Boston politician, "plainly a man to whom fear is unknown and misgivings are uncommon," has a wide appeal, for "statesmanship with Lodge continues to be practical politics in a different assembly," as John Mason Brown once wrote. . . . The recording of "A Room Without Windows," sung by Steve Lawrence in the drear musical, *What Makes Sammy Run?* . . . The movie, *The Servant,* now in London where James Fox, at twenty-five, has been nominated as the most promising new actor of the year, a nomination which bothers this tall, former Coldstream Guardsman with his languid manner because he fears being typed as an upper-class layabout, which is unfortunately what he looks like.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The art cart wheeled into rooms of The University of Chicago Hospitals for the eye comfort of the patients: "Paintings by Grandma Moses are popular with women." . . . Three things in Rome: digging up Etruscan tombs; the sculptor, Manzu, doing the setting for Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex;* and the restaurant, Pentagramma, the new rage since it copies that old rage—the restaurant Pentagramma at Spoleto. . . . In New York, the new movie, *The Chalk Garden,* in which Dame Edith Evans spirits away the whole show as the possessive, proud, lonely grandmother longing for remembrance through her granddaughter, played by Hayley Mills as a brat, desperate for love but not daring to accept it.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The honest, lovely sound of the folk group, "The Goldebriars," singing, especially, "Shenandoah," and "Old Time Religion." . . . The expert sizz of the three new musicals at the New York City Center where Jerome Robbins has put his touch on *West Side Story.* . . . The streamlined, old-timey exhibition of modern paintings assembled at the Tate Gallery in London for the Gulbenkian International art show. . . . In Paris, the satisfying amusements of La Grande Severine which has had three night spots—a blues bar for jazz and singers, a Russian club (Chez Vodka) for the balalaikas of Marc de Loutchek, La Batucada for those who like to dance in a cellar—and now has a fourth distraction, *Les Play-Girls,* a simple-minded play with Elisabeth Wiener and Marpessa Dawn—a canapé of pleasure.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Van Goghs at the Guggenheim Museum where the paintings are alternately like a fist in the face or balm for the eyes. . . . *Finnegans Wake,* the new James Joyce movie, which will open in Dublin, Paris, Rome, London, and New York, and has only a brief encounter with the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. . . . In Madrid, the new brick-walled *discoteca,* Bourbon Street, with a Pop Art mural of old clarinets, twisted brass horns, and a 1910 Victrola behind the bar; there the first pure jazz in Madrid is both stereo and live, and the great-time stuff goes on between two and three in the morning for *el jam session.* . . . The present eruption like the spread of the pox, of some old, miserable words, including meaningful, dichotomy, and almost all words used with loving inflections in official political biographies, now strung out like ropes of frankfurters.

PRESIDENT CHARLES DE GAULLE OF FRANCE

Like an unfurled flag in the face of the world, President de Gaulle has waved his own magnificent feeling about France, a feeling that is contained in his sense of her nobility, her *grandeur.* When he wrote his three-volume account of his war memoirs—direct, explicit, superbly formed by this great writer—he began by noting: "All my life I have thought of France in a certain way. This is inspired by sentiment as much as by reason." At no time since his Free French days, with the possible exception of his drawn-out exorcism of the Algerian trauma, has General de Gaulle been more in the public mind. Through him, France recognized Red China. His goal these days is to carve his granite design on French cultural renaissance and French power, to loop within it former French Africa, to re-establish and to re-affirm French influence in Latin America. A long-time thinker whose actions have been relentlessly known to him from almost the beginning, he sails his own ship of state in seas scanned by him. He feels the wake from no other ships. In his speeches that may cut with an ironic, cruel phrase his open adversaries, in a voice that spans the octaves, charged with conviction and tenderness, often splenetic, always pointed, he injects from his overflowing heart about France a pure sentiment. (Here he is shown at the cathedral at Rodez.) To meet this former professor of history at Saint-Cyr is to meet History.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

H. E. AHMED TAIBI BENHIMA OF MOROCCO,

left, is the crack among young diplomats. At thirty-six, as Ambassador, he represents his country at the United Nations with quick decisive intelligence, immense influence, and more charm than any one man deserves. (Tall, straight as a minaret, with black-olive black eyes, he was photographed at the Embassy wearing his national dress, *djellaba* and *babouches*. Usually, he wears European dress.) "Diplomacy has changed," he said, "Ambassadors must be savants, jurists, economists. We profit from the experience of elder statesmen, but now the rapidity of events requires immediate synthesis of a crisis. Telephones, cables, television, and the press force more contact with the public." Educated in Law and Political Science in France, Mr. Benhima, at twenty-eight became Moroccan Chargé d'Affaires in Paris and later Ambassador to Rome before coming to the U.N. Ambassador Benhima said: "There are no *un*-important posts. One day Paris is first, then Cairo, then Zanzibar. But there are three things of which one never knows the finish: Love—Revolution—Career."

MINISTER LUCIO GARCIA DEL SOLAR OF ARGENTINA,

right, craggily handsome, concerned, tenacious, represents his country as acting Chargé d'Affaires at the United Nations. "In Latin America we want to be up-to-date," he said. "The desire is for a direct approach, and interdependence of action. There is a tremendous confrontation between younger men who want to incorporate new ideas and the traditional ideas of traditionalists." He is a skier, an expert linguist, and has startlingly blue eyes and an informal irony. More an activator than a committee man, Minister Garcia del Solar, forty-two, served at UNESCO in Paris—where he had once been a student of Diplomacy and Political Science—before being posted to the United Nations. "Economic and social problems, agriculture, and technical assistance, are as much a diplomat's domain as policy and politics. Especially in the area of the developed and developing countries," he said. "We must close the widening gap."



YOUNG POWER IN DIPLOMACY

Seven important diplomats posted in New York—young men of drive, decision, and extraordinary influence

These diplomats, from seven countries on five continents, represent a younger generation in a sphere, until now, largely reserved for elder statesmen. In their respective foreign services of Morocco, Argentina, Iran, Guinea, the United States, Spain, and Chile, four have achieved ambassadorial rank, three ministerial rank. All fill posts of major impact, requiring responsibility, tact, and acumen in an international world of triggered negotiation. According to the distinguished British diplomatist, Sir Harold Nicolson: "The basis of good negotiation is moral influence and that influence is founded on seven specific diplomatic virtues, namely:—(1) Truthfulness—(2) Precision—(3) Calm—(4) Good temper—(5) Patience—(6) Modesty—(7) Loyalty." All of these diplomats possess these seven virtues, plus the dash, the dare, the humour, and the vigour that come of being at their prime.

MINISTER ALI REZA HERAVI OF IRAN, *above*, good-looking, persuasive, convinced of his own persuasions, is, at thirty-nine, Consul General of Iran to New York and the Southern and Eastern United States. (To him, all Iranians within his consular orbit are "his children.") Rapid, communicative, a man clearly in love with his work, Minister Heravi said: "Age is no longer a factor in diplomacy. In good men, potential shows young. Frankness and honesty create a climate for interrelations." A polo player, a collector of illuminated manuscripts and Persian miniatures (painted with a cat's whisker), Minister Heravi was photographed beside a vitrine holding his rare Russian, Greek, and French enamel *bibelots*. Educated in Tehran in Law and Political Science, Mr. Heravi has served twice in Washington, four times as a U.N. delegate. A mover who moves, he said: "Reports are not enough. We must get out, move." Of Minister Heravi, one colleague said: "He has faster feet than the rest of us."

BRUCE DAVIDSON

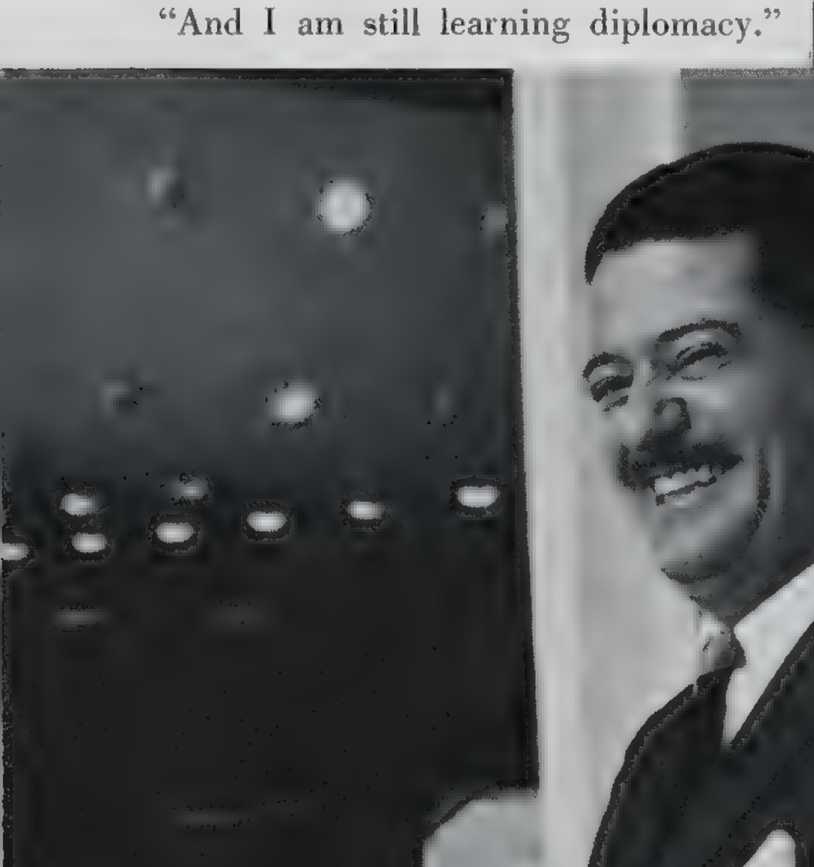
YOUNG POWER

H. E. MAROF ACHKAR OF GUINEA, *right*, a symbol of new African power, sociable and emphatic, at thirty-three, represents his country as an Ambassador and President-Chairman of the Trusteeship and Non-self-governing Territories Committee of the United Nations. "The world is getting younger and younger," he said. "United Nations is parliamentary diplomacy. Younger men are more apt to speak outright with dynamism, frankness, sincerity." A wirily graceful man with a charged smile, Mr. Achkar took his engineering degree in Paris becoming, before independence, Director of the Ballets Africains. (His colleague with the Ballet, Mr. Keita Fodeba, is now Guinean Minister of Defense.) Photographed at home in Riverdale, the Ambassador wore his national *boubou* and a white astrakhan Sekou Touré cap. Of his heavy gold elephant ring, he said: "The elephant is our symbol of independence—strong, wise, determined."



H. E. WILLIAM ATTWOOD OF THE UNITED STATES, *left*, strong, shy, part of the JFK team of brilliant, reachable diplomats, represents the United States as its Ambassador to Kenya. "Especially in Africa, the entire pattern of diplomacy is changing," he said. "Foreign representatives must be contemporary with the leaders of these new countries. Candour, the winning of confidence is best achieved by people of the same generation. We must create a dialogue." A discerning, unstuffy man with hazel-coloured hair and eyes, Ambassador Attwood, now forty-four, was a distinguished journalist and Foreign Editor of *Look* before his first plunge into diplomacy as Ambassador to Guinea. "I wore a dinner jacket only twice during my two years in Conakry," he said. "The old customs of strict protocol are waning. Nor is it just a matter of writing reports. We must deal with trade, the Peace Corps, and education." For his conspicuous diplomatic success in Guinea, Ambassador Attwood recently received a handsome photograph of President Sekou Touré inscribed: *Cher frère et ami.*

H. E. CARLOS MARTINEZ-SOTOMAYOR OF CHILE, *right,* at thirty-one Foreign Minister, now, three years later, represents his country as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United Nations. A slight, courtly man with big intelligent brown eyes, he said: "As one of the younger men, I feel we bring a more dynamic relationship among countries. To resolve the universal problems facing an international organization takes energy." A doer, with an important political background, the Ambassador led a Chilean youth movement before his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1961. In the Embassy residence, where he was photographed, stand silver-framed photographs of Heads of State: Goulart of Brazil, Kennedy of the United States, Tito of Yugoslavia, and Alessandri of Chile. "All friends," said the Ambassador, the youngest Latin American Permanent Representative to the U.N. "The U.N. is the perfect atmosphere for a politico turned diplomat," he said. "And I am still learning diplomacy."



MINISTER JAIME DE PINIÉS OF SPAIN, *left,* vigorous, sympathetic, a man of prodigious memory and stamina, is the Spanish Deputy Permanent Representative to the United Nations. A career diplomat, he said: "More difficult problems and more of them are the reasons for the rise of younger men in diplomacy. With the world changing so fast, the need is for people contemporary with contemporary change. Experience is essential—plus action—plus fitness." Tall, with a quick smile and a deep musical voice, Minister de Piniés, who calls himself a "Madrileño with tremendous Aragonian influence," took his Law degree at the University of Madrid. At forty-six, he has served in Havana, London, Washington, Manila, and eight times as a delegate to the United Nations, where, for the past three years, he has been Spanish Chargé d'Affaires. "My job is my hobby. I love every minute of it," said Minister de Piniés, who counts in parties as informal diplomacy. "Sometimes there are four or more receptions and a dinner party in one evening. It calls," he said, "for a tough physique."

BRUCE DAVIDSON



NIFTY FASHION CHEMISTRY

THE GREAT AMERICAN COTTON LOOKS



Coming in, along with fresh sea-winds and other summer joys: the great American cottons—now greater than ever, and celebrated on the next 20 pages. They've never been more deliriously pretty, in more different ways: in windowpane checks, picnic checks, plaids, fantasy flowers; in marvellous solid colours—citrus-yellows, hot pinks, fresh garden-greens, strong flamenco reds, sometimes set off by the coquetry of black lace. And always, there's the absolute cleanness of white. . . . Cotton evening dresses have never been prettier, with the flattery of immensely wide, long skirts, of low-dipping décolletages, of ruffles, flounces, lace edgings, of long flirty stoles or three-cornered shawls; there's also a great new evening-separates life in cotton—a shirt, long contrasting skirt, and sash. With these, brown feet in the nakedest sandals look wonderful. . . . Cotton appears in countless different textures: in carved and cloqué piqués, ribbed surfaces, laces, as well as ginghams and batistes; many owe their fascination—and some, their existence—to the new genius of chemistry, and a crisping dash of some miracle fibre such as Dacron or nylon, Fortrel or Kodel. These fibres also convey such practical assets as resistance to crumpling, ease of care, a fresh resilience. . . . With the breezy new cotton looks, the best look for hair is sleek, smooth, and neat-neat-neat—it can be restrained beautifully with ribbons. Skin—and many of these dresses show a generous expanse—should be smooth, evenly-tanned, well-nourished with an emollient or moisturizer; if sea breezes don't fan up a glow of colour, a blusher will. . . . All these cottons were photographed in Nassau, the Bahamas—a good place to preview summer. All the coiffures were by a House of Revlon expert, and all the summer-beauty tips (some shown, some suggested) are Revlon ideas.

For the great American summer-evening life—a crisply-checked culotte, opposite, of blue-and-white, cut very full: high in front to show slender tanned legs; long in back. By Sportwhirl, in a fresh Fortrel-and-cotton mixture by Dan River; about $35. Earrings by KJL. All, Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Evins sandals. Coiffure: Pierre of House of Revlon.

HORST

THE GREAT AMERICAN COTTONS— EVENING PLAIDS, CHECKS

By the beautiful sea (any beautiful sea—this happens to be Nassau's): two fresh little summer evening dresses—one plaid, one checked—that illustrate, delightfully, cotton's great new savoir faire: both with a strong dash of modern coquetry. Plaid on the bias, above—a crisp diagonal slicing of lettuce-green-and-white plaid, Empire-waisted; double black-lace ruffle around the décolletage. By Harold Levine, of Dacron-and-cotton gingham (Klopman fabric); about $90. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Evins sandals. Emme hair bow. Checks all the way, right: buttercup-yellow-and-white dress with an upstanding little checked ruff at the neck; at the waist, easy gathers, a bright-yellow sash. By Laurence Gross, in Wamsutta cotton; about $70. At Altman's Studio 3; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Trifari earrings; Altman's. Liparé sandals. Coiffures on both pages, by Pierre of House of Revlon.

HORST



COTTON WITH THE COOL BLAZE OF PLAID FOR EVENING

Long-stemmed American cotton is turning up everywhere these evenings, in floor-length sweeps of the brightest colours—like the two clear plaids shown here. These, and the dresses on the following two pages, are worn by Suzy Parker. The coquetry of ruffles and black lace, below, suddenly bursting from a brilliant pink-and-navy-blue plaid dress. High-necked and sleeveless, it skims the body beneath an Empire bow. Dress by Highlight. Of Wamsutta cotton. About $55. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Fresh-garden green, right, mixed with red and navy blue, the skirt loosely gathered in front and sashed with navy blue. The bodice dips to a V front and back and wraps up in a wide swash of stole. Worn with the nakedest little sandals (this is the moment when the habit of systematic pedicures pays off). Dress by Malcolm Starr. Of Wamsutta cotton. About $125. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer. Emme white silk camellia. Evins sandals.





RED COTTON, BLACK LACE— NEW NIGHT CHEMISTRY

Against a summer-evening sky—and a bronzed, bloomy skin—nothing looks more marvellous than a red cotton dress: especially if, like the two here, it's long, ruffled and lace-edged, very décolleté.

Scarlet with lace ruffles, left: the neckline straight out of *Tom Jones*—deep, ruffled, edged in black lace. More lace around the hem and the stole. By Anne Fogarty, of ribbed cotton by Cone; about $65. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus.

Windowpane checks and lace, right—a dress for a summer siren, with a deep V neckline; this, and the shawl, scalloped in black lace. By Sportwhirl, of red-and-white Windowpane checks—a Dacron-and-cotton chemistry by Galey & Lord. Lace of Du Pont nylon by Stern & Stern. About $35. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Earrings, both pages, by KJL. Another great summer-evening look—whitened eye make-up over the eyes, under the brows: Revlon's Alabaster Eye Velvet. Coiffures on these pages: Pierre of the House of Revlon.





DÉCOLLETAGES IN COTTON— EVENING CHEMISTRY

For summer dancing—near the sea, perhaps, to the lapping beat of surf—two long evening dresses with beautifully bare tops. Both are crisp mixtures of cotton-plus-chemistry. Fan-pleated top, left, that folds like flower petals around the bosom, over a narrow high waist, a long pin-pleated skirt. Pale fantasy flowers printed on Dacron-and-cotton. Dress, by Mollie Parnis; about $185 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Skin-chemistry idea to add to a décolletage: the emollient benefits of a moisturizer, used all over—Revlon's Moon Drops, perhaps. White lace, scalloped low, right, makes a curvy little shell top and a long stole, for an evening dress that, from high waist to floor, is bright pink Dacron-and-cotton with diagonal ribs. Dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of fabric by Galey & Lord, cotton lace by Ehrman. About $200. Schreiner earrings. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Hudson's. On both pages, coiffures by Pierre of House of Revlon.

HORST



GREAT AMERICAN COTTONS—BOLDLY BLACK AND WHITE

Here's our idea of a perfect summer day—Nassau, New York, anywhere: no sleeves, easy necklines. Nothing but the coolness of cotton on skin, and the clean-edged dazzle of bold black-and-white print. Magnified Paisley, left, in a spare little dress with a straight-across neck, a bow on one shoulder, skirt slightly widened at the hem. By Hannah Troy, Onondaga cotton. About $55. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Richelieu earrings. Big bold flowers, right, on a marvellous two-piece dress of white-and-black ribbed cotton...a little sleeveless jacket with a wide notched collar baring a deep V of suntan; the skirt, easy and narrow. By Adele Simpson of Onondaga cotton. About $125. Black cotton gloves by Hansen. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Both pages: a white linen hat with a huge upswept brim—this, by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

HORST



BIAS OF COTTON PLAID, CLOQUÉ CHEMISTRY

Two ways to look as fresh and delicious as a whiff of sea air: in a bright plaid dress, solidly cotton; in pale cloqué of cotton with pep-pills of chemistry in its make-up. Plaid with two necklines, left, one cut to a low square halter at the back; the other tied high with a gaucho triangle of the same fabric—a marvellous bias-worked plaid in hot pink, cool deep green. The two-piece dress, a long belted overblouse over an A-wide skirt. By Teal Traina, of cotton by Avondale; about $90 at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by KJL. Backing the eye-level bangs, a hair bow by Emme. The coiffure here is by Pierre of House of Revlon. Deep-puffed cloqué, right, with a low-necked overblouse buttoned on a slant, a rounded skirt with a wider hem. Of Dacron-cotton-and-nylon, in pale lavender. Dress by Jane Derby, of Galey & Lord fabric; about $125 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Gloves: Viola Weinberger. Emme hat.

HORST





THE RETURN OF THE SHIRT

COTTON WITH NIFTY NIGHT CHEMISTRY

The shirt has returned, and its returns are these: a marvellously dégagé kind of fashion, a young-making kind of flattery, and the crisp freshness that suggests a clean breeze at the seaside—Nassau, for instance, the setting on these pages. The shirts here and the long skirts worn with them —a great idea for summer-evening parties *now*—have the wonderful look of cotton; the skirts, brilliantly coloured, and enriched with the extra niftiness of chemistry. Cinching everything: sashes in counterpoint colours. PIN CHECKS, *left*, on a shirt of navy-blue-and-white cotton seersucker, with picoted edges embroidered in navy blue. Red ottoman skirt worn with a sharp-green sash. Lady Van Heusen shirt; about $8 at Best & Co.; Rich's; Halle Bros. Skirt (Dacron-and-cotton by Galey & Lord) and the sash by Ellen Brooke, about $50. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros. THE FRAGILE WHITE SHIRT, *right*, is tailored as crisply as a man's; pleat down the back; button-down collar—but madly feminine because it's dotted swiss. With it a vivid yellow skirt, a streak of plum-violet linen for the sash. Chemistry is what makes the bloom of tulips in the skirt: a mix of Kodel-and-cotton is laminated to Scott Foam, then pressed by a Chem-Stitch process into—you've got it—tulips. Shirt by Country Shirt, about $10. Skirt of Springmaid fabric, and the sash, by Ellen Brooke; about $50. All at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros. On both pages: KJL red earrings, at Lord & Taylor; coiffures by Pierre of The House of Revlon



MINUTE PIN TUCKS, *above*, on the flicked-up collar and the front of the palest pink shirt. Worn deeply unbuttoned, with a pale-blue skirt of bubbled piqué; a streak of cranberry sash. About $75. Shirt by Ship 'n Shore. Of Dacron and cotton. About $5. At Stern's; Woodward & Lothrop. White silk flower by Emme. The skirts on these two pages are by Ellen Brooke, in Dacron and cotton—Galey & Lord's nifty chemistry. At Lord & Taylor.

DEEP GRASS-GREEN STRIPES, *right*, on a round-collared shirt of pale-beige linen. Belled black ottoman skirt; acid-green sash. About $55. Shirt by Sidney Heller. About $17. KJL earrings. Both: Bloomingdale's. Shirt: Strawbridge & Clothier. Degas sandals: Saks Fifth Avenue.



SHIRTS AND THE NEW NIGHT CHEMISTRY

THE CLASSIC PINK SHIRT, *above*, button-down collar, back pleat, and all; with a bubbly pink piqué skirt (look left for the same skirt in blue), sashed in white piqué. About $60. Shirt by Shapely Classic, of cotton Oxford cloth. About $4. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Altman's. Shirt, also at Halle Bros. TINY SEA-BLUE DOTS, *right*, on the cleanest white batiste; rounded collar; pin tucks running down the shirtfront. With it: a breathtakingly bright-pink twill skirt sashed in turquoise. About $60. Shirt by Lady Manhattan, of Dacron and cotton. About $9. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Pin by Miriam Haskell. This page: Saks Fifth Avenue sandals. All these coiffures: by Pierre of the House of Revlon.



SHIRTS AND THE NEW NIGHT CHEMISTRY





Red lace ruffles and pin tucks, above—on a navy-blue-and-red gingham plaid cotton shirt with billowy poet's sleeves set on dropped shoulders—plunged into a skirt of ribbed white cotton piqué. Shirt of Avondale cotton. Both by Malbe; together about $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue and Frost Bros. Fresh checks, pink and white, left, in a classic cotton gingham shirt, wonderfully fresh and scrubbed looking, with a skirt of crisp white cotton waffle piqué. Shirt by Lady Arrow; about $5. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both: Altman's. Shirt: L. S. Ayres. Skirt by Ellen Brooke, of cotton by Custom Fabrics; about $55. Lord & Taylor. Coiffures: Pierre, House of Revlon. Shirt to the ankles, right: Streak of black batiste with full "Tom Jones" sleeves; a hem like a shirttail, slit to the knee, showing lots of suntan and the sexiest talon-twist sandals. By Malbe. Kodel-and-cotton fabric by Everfast, with Everglaze easy care; about $23. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. H. Block; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Sandals: Saks Fifth Avenue. Emme hairbow.

HORST



VOGUE
PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 5995

WHITE COTTON WITH CHEMISTRY IN DEPTH

Two marvellous things to wear with a tan: two white dresses, both in a bubbled piqué that's as spanking as fresh sails snapping in the breeze. And as clean-carved as chemistry can make it—Dacron and stretch nylon are what enrich the cotton-life here. Background, both pages: the luxuriant tangle of greenery in the gardens of Nassau's Royal Victoria Hotel. *Far left:* A reed of white piqué with shoulders extended over brown, smooth arms. (A description that might apply to any pair of arms that have been feasting right along on a diet of suntan lotion—Revlon's Bronze Lustre, to name one.) Vogue Pattern 5995. Grandoe gloves: Altman's. *Near left:* Bubbled white piqué with a rolled collar set on the bias, an inverted pleat at the front of the skirt (we like the streak of a black patent leather belt). Vogue Pattern 6003. Both pages: hats by Emme. Marvella earrings: Bonwit Teller. Fabric, in both dresses, by Galey & Lord. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Hansen gloves: Bloomingdale's. Other views; page 150.

VOGUE PATTERN 6003

A great classic dinner becomes a

CHEF'S TRIAL

—its gossip, controversy, and cooking felicities

by Kate Lloyd

In a pale gold-and-white ballroom some thirty men and one woman sat down to a ten-wine, seven-course, classic French dinner at Delmonico's Hotel in New York in February, 1964. They had gathered to honour one great chef of seventy-five and to criticize another of thirty-six.

For this dinner the Lucullus Circle had chosen as the first and only guest of honour in the fifteen-year history of this demanding, unpublicized group, Joseph P. Donon, who for thirty-eight years was Executive Chef to the late Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly.

When Mrs. Twombly, the daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, gave an ordinary Donon dinner at her house, near Convent, New Jersey, she served one hundred and fifty people. Dinners at least once a week for one hundred and fifty were hardly a problem, for Mrs. Twombly's staff numbered one hundred and eighty, including, Mr. Donon said, "the help's help, and the help's help's help." A gentle, white-haired man who has the posture of a Saint-Cyr cadet and looks like a French Harry Truman, Mr. Donon, who is just naturally addressed as Monsieur, recalls that, although only ninety-odd dinner guests could be seated at Mrs. Twombly's smaller Newport house, in Newport he arranged his most triumphant meal. For a dinner for the Prince of Wales he prepared Lobster Lafayette, a suitably French-American dish, in a sauce which was half *Américaine*, and half cream sauce. The Prince of Wales's amusement and pleasure amused and pleased Mrs. Twombly who, in turn, amused and pleased Mr. Donon by giving him a purse filled with gold pieces—which Mr. Donon, now retired, still has.

"Mrs. Twombly always liked light food," said Mr. Donon, and ran up for the dinner in his honour the menu shown, right. Although Joseph Donon is unquestionably the father figure of French cooking in this country, his menu was not above debate. Difficult as it is to assemble a group of experts in any field without hearing through the clicking of heels the gnashing of teeth, in the Lucullus Circle it is impossible. "Our main philosophy is controversy," said Claudius Philippe, secretary of the group. "Applause bores us."

The Lucullus Circle consists of some fifty men who have little in common except an intense feeling for good food and good wine: "Sometimes we sit almost in silence over our wine." They have not been put on restricted diets by their doctors. They can afford three hundred dollars for a total of five dinners a year. They are people who run things, and they are opinionated. The Circle has no women members (the one woman at the Donon dinner was Madame Donon), no titles, no ritual, "no musical-comedy hats." It is probably the only group which serves two wines with every course to stimulate comparison.

At the end of each dinner two members, picked at random, give their opinions of the wine and the food. For the food critique, as a matter of courtesy, the Chef is invited in—a grinding experience even when flattering. Wine criticism can be as chancy as street-fighting. At one dinner when a member remarked on "the magnificent display of great wines," another held, with equal confidence, that three were undrinkable.

After Mr. Donon planned the menu for the dinner in his honour, the Circle wanted to know why he chose two birds—pheasant and chicken? "Orchestration of the menu is everything," one member complained. "If this is how they ate at Mrs. Twombly's, I'm glad I wasn't invited," said another. Mr. Donon, who has undergone sixty-two years in the kitchen, was unmoved. What he said, went.

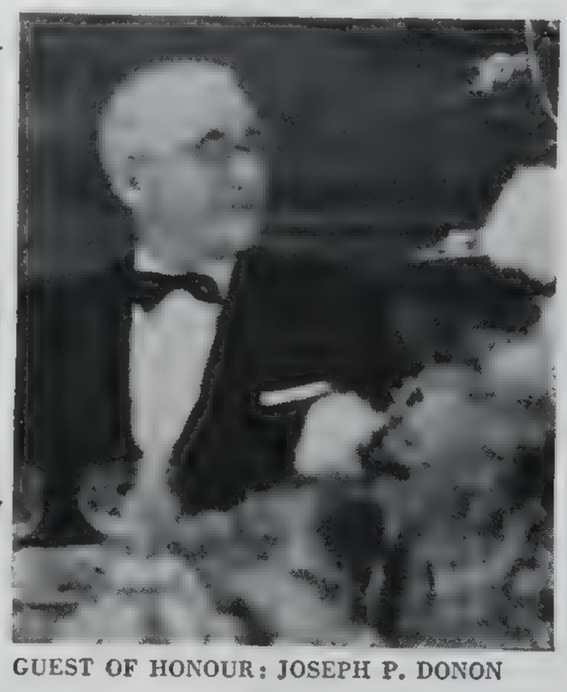
Mr. Donon's authority is unshakeable. The formidable list of his awards, commendations, and recognitions are merely the stamps that label experience. In 1902, when he was a boy apprenticed in the Hôtel des Arènes in Senlis, the owner, who had been chef to the Duc d'Aumale, caught young Donon's interest. What began as a job became an enthusiasm and a career. When he was seventeen, Joseph Donon met Auguste Escoffier, the kingpin of French cooking in this century, and joined Escoffier's legend-setting team at the Carlton Hotel in London in 1907. Five years and some advancements later, Donon came to America as chef to Henry Clay Frick, in charge of his houses in New York, Pittsburgh, and Prides Crossing, Massachusetts. Mr. Frick, in turn, recommended Mr. Donon to Mrs. Twombly in 1917 after his return from France where he had gone as a soldier and had been wounded.

The recommendation was one of those strokes of all-around good luck—like Lorenzo de' Medici meeting Michelangelo. Joseph Donon, a man with an extraordinary warmth and considerateness of manner, still believes, "There was not any other lady who came up to Mrs. Twombly. People say she looked stern, but she was easy to talk to." Not long ago, Mr. Donon came down from his Rhode Island house to prepare in the kitchen of Le Pavillon restaurant a birthday dinner for Mrs. Twombly's daughter, Florence, who is the dowager Mrs. William A. M. Burden. "They are still my family," he said.

Like all good relationships, value flowed both ways. "I had carte blanche," said Mr. Donon. "But when you have carte blanche you feel you have to do much more—I often worked an eighteen-hour day."

Since his everyday standards called only for perfection, Mr. Donon could not have been surprised by the Lucullus Circle's preparations for the dinner in his honour. These included: flying fresh turbot from France, eels from Holland, salmon from Scotland, lobsters from Maine, trout from Canada; rehearsing experienced waiters for a full hour; and rinsing eight hundred immaculate glasses in Poland water to kill any lingering taste of detergent.

The heroics and headaches of cooking Mr. Donon's great meal fell to Michel Denis, Executive Chef of Delmonico's Hotel. A dark-eyed, energetic, thirty-six-year-old Frenchman, he directs his staff with a Navy captain's assured calm punctuated by brief noisy spats of temper. The subterranean kitchens of Delmonico's have, in fact, the look of a ship's engine room: the depth, the heat, the bright light and high



GUEST OF HONOUR: JOSEPH P. DONON

gloss of white and grey paints, the polished copper and steel, the wasteless motion of people doing trained work. Even at peak dinner hours not much seems to be going on. Watching his chefs through the window of the small cream-coloured office that he is seldom in, Chef Denis said, "If they are busy, they are quiet. If they don't know what to do, they shout."

Michel Denis, who does know what to do, shouts mainly during the actual serving of a great classic dinner. He is, he admits, nervous when he hands over his exquisite work to others. His passion reached grand-opera proportions during the Donon dinner when a waiter picked up one of the two extravagantly delicate yellow sugar baskets of garnet and pink sugar roses tied with thin striped sugar ribbons: the waiter's hand had shaken.

"This special dinner is very *In*teresting," said Chef Denis, who enjoyed it right up to the last bitter hours—like everyone else involved, he dealt simultaneously with the regular running of the hotel. (On Donon's Monday, the banquet kitchen also served a convention dinner for seventy-five people—roast beef, baked potatoes, and peas at $8.50.)

Two months before the dinner, after Mr. Donon prepared his light but controversial menu, ordering began. Were American pheasants good enough? One was shipped in from an upstate New York farm for the Chef to taste. He okayed it.

The ordering went along singingly until the hotel's steward got to the celery to be braised. No white celery in California; "I *only* use California celery," the steward said and wilted. Chef remained calm. If green celery arrived well ahead of time, and was stored tightly wrapped in aluminum foil, lack of light would presumably blanch it. (Nevertheless the celery came to the long oval table Monday night still resolutely green.)

On the Thursday before the Monday of the dinner, John Webber, Delmonico's Banquet Manager, a ruddy, forceful Englishman, called, in his pleasant tan office hung with diplomas from food and drink societies, a strategy meeting. To it came his aides and Chef (the hotel staff uses Mr. Denis' title as if it were a name much as English mothers call nannies "Nanny"). They cleared up some points: The wines would arrive two days later, on Saturday, to "rest" for the weekend. Ten wineglasses at each place should be the same size, the big round-bowled ones. Half of these glasses must have small gold stars on the base to help identify the two matched wines to be served with each course. There would be a smaller sherry glass as well. New marigold-yellow tablecloths would be pressed "in the house" so no fold creases would show. At the reception before the dinner smoked fish flown in from Colorado, Canada, and Europe, would be served with six kinds of sherries, (Continued on page 151)

L'ESCRITEAU

1ère Assiette

GARVEY'S FINO SAN PATRICIO SHERRY

LE CONSOMMÉ À LA SOUVERAINE

2ème Assiette

CHABLIS 1947
MONTÉE DE TONNERRE
en Magnum
Estate Bottled by Marcel Servin
CHASSAGNE-MONTRACHET
CLOS DES RUCHOTTES 1947
en Jereboam
Estate Bottled by Claude Ramonet

LE TURBOTIN À LA RÉGENCE
AVEC SA GARNITURE CLASSIQUE

3ème Assiette

CHÂTEAU RAUZAN GASSIES 1928
Grand Crû of Médoc
Château Bottled
CHÂTEAU MONTROSE 1928
2nd Classified Growth of
St. Estéphe, Médoc
Château Bottled

LES SUPRÊMES DE FAISAN ROSSINI
AU FOIE GRAS DE STRASBOURG
ET LES TRUFFES DU PÉRIGORD
LES CÉLERIS BRAISÉS À LA CHÂTEAUBRIAND

l'Intermède

LE SORBET À LA PRUNELLE D'ALSACE

4ème Assiette

CLOS VOUGEOT 1928
Estate Bottled by Charles Noëllat
ROMANÉE ST. VIVANT 1928
Estate Bottled by Charles Noëllat

LES ZÉPHIRS DE VOLAILLE
À LA GELÉE D'ESTRAGON
AVEC QUELQUES FEUILLES DE LAITUES

La Parure

CHÂTEAU HAUT BRION 1928
1st Classified Growth of Pessac, Graves
Château Bottled
CHÂTEAU LASCOMBES 1928
2nd Classified Growth of Margaux, Médoc
Château Bottled

LES FROMAGES DU PAYS DE FRANCE

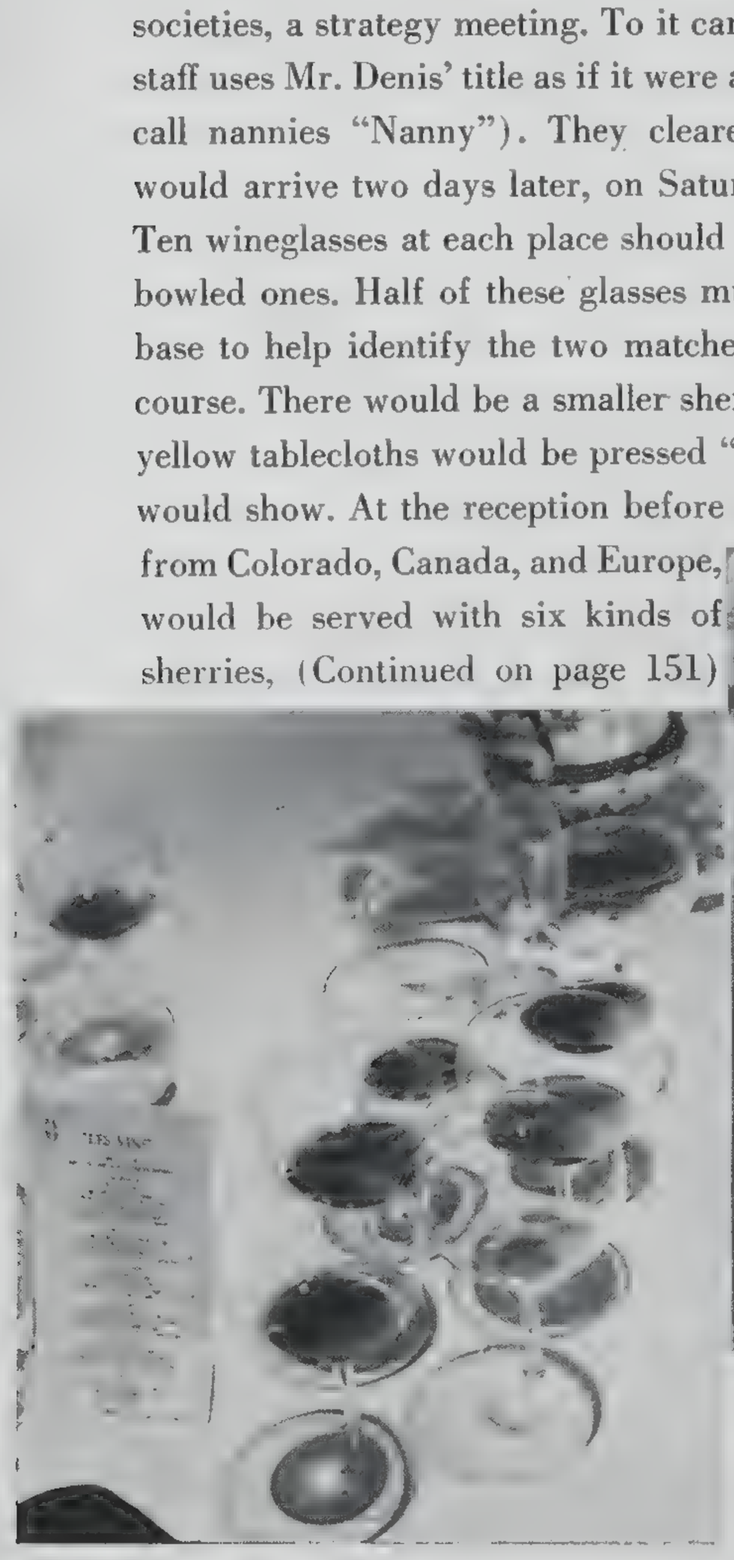
l'Apothéose

CHÂTEAU CLIMENS 1949
1st Classified Growth of Sauternes
Château Bottled
CHÂTEAU LAFAURIE PEYRAGUEY 1945
1st Classified Growth of Sauternes
Château Bottled

LES FRAISES À LA RITZ
LES PANIERS DE MIGNARDISES

ALEXIS LICHINE COGNAC 1895
PRIVATE RESERVE
LES LIQUEURS

LE CAFÉ DES PRINCES



WINE LIST AND ELEVEN GLASSES AT A PLACE SETTING



SUGAR BASKET—SUGAR ROSES, RIBBONS



THE CHEF: MICHEL DENIS, IN RESIDENCE

THE PERFUMED LIFE

First in a series on living with the great perfumes ...the fourteen scents on these four pages are all culled from a group of French fragrances sometimes referred to as a "couture group" of scents. All perfumes shown here are at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. For other shops where most of these perfumes can also be found, and for details about clothes, props, and coiffures, see page 18.

She's forgetful, sometimes, and it worries her. But here she sits, calm, collected (she has collected a new Escaping Curl, we note), having devised a way to be certain that she'll never forget to put on her perfume. She shimmers with Diorissimo by Dior, a golden, flowery, throaty bouquet. Always.

FOTIADES





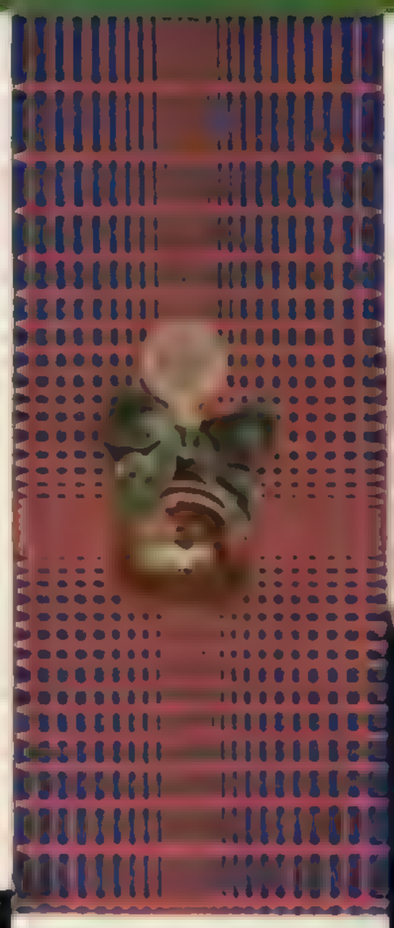
She's the sort of woman who's forever looking for portents, and —fortunate thing—even in tea leaves, all she ever finds is Joy. Patou's Joy, as you hardly need be a tea-leaf reader to recognize, shows up throughout her life.

This is a wildly successful woman —sheltered, adored. Wouldn't you know that despite her rather romantic mien, she's firm as nails about some things? She won't make a fashion-move without trying it against her constant accessory: Nina Ricci L'Air du Temps . . .



Who owns New York? The Bois in spring? Ascot when it's June? She does. She takes over any milieu instantly . . . it's been that way ever since she first wore Guerlain's new perfume, Chant d'Arômes. A scent of polished flowers, distinguished, feminine.

This woman must cultivate enchantment—how else could she make a mushroom stand on tiptoe? Since she clearly prizes subtleties in everything from food to clothes, is it any wonder that her perfume is the newest Balenciaga scent, Fleeting Moment; that mushroom tones are her wardrobe's bread and butter?



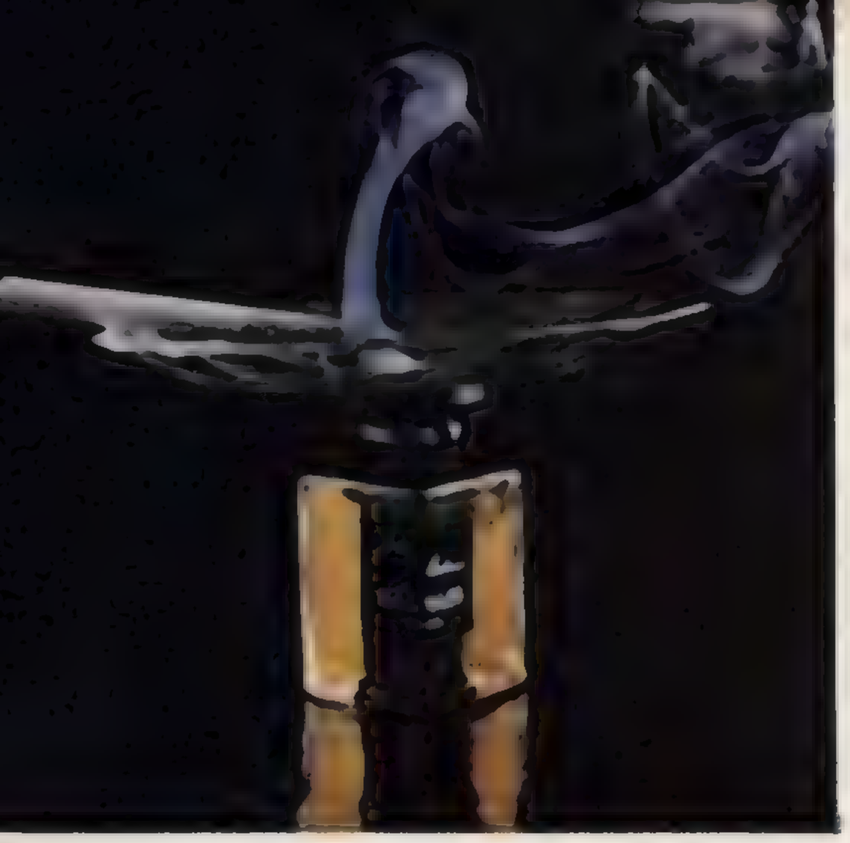
She measures everything for dazzle, it seems—paintings, perfume, you name it. No wonder she's devoted to Cabochard by Grès; dazzle and elegance by the drop.





FOTIADES

Décolletages may come and go, necklines may rise and fall, but this creature will never catch her death of cold—she always wears a warm perfume. Warmth of a fresh, seductive sort is the specialty of the perfume shown here—Écusson by Jean D'Albret. (The dress she wears is black crêpe, with duplicate slashes at the front and back.)



She's smoking less (Russian cigarette: three-quarters filter) and enjoying it more, and the reason for her enjoyment is simple: she's surrounded herself, every moment, with a delightful aroma—Balmain's scent, Jolie Madame.



This woman is known as a financial genius. She bought up a stock of Chanel No. 5 so she'd feel secure, come what may—and what came was lifelong security in the hands of a young broker with whom a second generation of No. 5 addicts seems to be a way of life.

She's a woman bent on preserving her present happiness — wise creature. She's even put by a supply of the scent that's everything to her; has stored a bottle of Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille in the deep freeze. We like her spirit. Wouldn't dream of cracking it with a lesson in thermodynamics.







She wrested the recipe from a friend, we understand —in any case, the brew materializing here should have far-reaching effects. Someone obviously believes deeply that everything *is better with a few drops of Arpège. Generally speaking, we can't disagree.*

Her eyesight isn't bad (neither is the sight of her). But she brings everything into focus—at the opera, theatre, hunt races, wherever—always, with the help of Madame Rochas —two bottles' worth.



She's a discoverer. She discovered New York recently and sold it to a couple of Indians in exchange for the bracelet you see here. (Now she wants a pair.) No matter how demanding, she's always delicious to have around, wreathed in Le De Givenchy—the It-perfume of many young chicerinos.

MORE ABOUT LIVING THE PERFUMED LIFE

Rain blackens the sky. An ominous wind moans and woans outside. But one woman we know will venture fearlessly into the night—she's accompanied by James Bond. Well, not James Bond himself, in point of fact, but rather a stand-in in a James Bond raincoat, the pocket of which holds an emergency supply of one of the newest perfumes about: the pungent Calèche by Hermès. The brave English bull has a fancy title, but we won't go into it—so well dressed is he, in his beige poplin raincoat with acorn leather buttons and epaulettes, it's almost superfluous to mention his connections. (Details for all four pages, page 18.)

FOTIADES





BEAUTY BULLETIN

Vogue's April 15 issue of news in make-up patterns

ONE NEW THEORY ON THE WAY MAKE-UP IS MOVING NOW....SIX MAKE-UP PATTERNS THAT SUPPORT IT

The way make-up is moving now is away from tricks. Away from the notion of a face painted over a face, a mouth stencilled over a mouth, rouge patted on where a smile "ought" to be. We're beyond all that. Make-up today is the management of light and shadow. Of glow and no-glow. Of space and texture. It deals in depth. And when it *corrects* (not a word we're especially fond of, by the way, because we've seen too many faces corrected into nothingness), it works a new way—by rearrangement of emphasis, not by redrawing lines. The idea of make-up as a bag of tricks seems to us, at this point, as un-understanding as describing a great new suit shape as "a wardrobe trick." Make-up is for wearing. It is not a gimmick.

Just as there are some hairdressers whose influence is international, and some fashion designers whose ideas are taken up by the world, there are a few make-up experts whose ideas—usually developed on a few fashionable faces—form the make-up pattern copied by women everywhere. And while not all of these great visagistes agree on every point at this moment, they all tend toward a certain presentation of the face which is *not* a collection of tricks, *not* applied to every face they see, but has describable characteristics: cleanliness, sunniness, freshness.

We know of no smart make-up expert now who likes a modly (the Mods: upgraded female Beatles) outward-drawn eyeline. They all like level-eyed eyeliner.

We know of no smart make-up expert who seems to like a heavily blurred or blackened rim around the eye. All are doing a cleaner-eyed make-up.

We know of no smart make-up expert now who is doing heavy eyebrows. Each has his own way of "dismissing" the eyebrow—in Europe, by actual bleaching, or by beige shadow erasers and feathery strokes of wheat-coloured or pale grey-beige liquid; in the United States, by eyebrow powders, or by pencilling followed by thorough brushing.

We know of no smart make-up expert now who still outlines the mouth the old way—that is, drawn up as tightly as a tycoon's trust. Colour goes on the mouth as a lovely soft spot of colour; it goes on usually straight from the stick.

Finally, we know of no smart make-up expert who isn't using white, or near-white (on the bone under the eyebrow); apricot (to rouge the temples); pink (the slightest fingertipful on the bridge of the nose, next to the eye); sunny beige (foundation); brown with gold flecks (eyelid covering); or (*Continued on the following page*)

Twice over lightly—new way to make up

One strong make-up belief in practice now is this: two sheer layers of make-up in two different depths of colour can, when used together, soften the pattern of make-up: can give far greater life and moulding to the face. (Chiffon has always had that idea.)
First to actually systematize the idea is Estée Lauder who tried any number of make-ups over make-ups and found a combination that never failed. List of names, page 50. The whole Estée Lauder idea, ready to work, at Bloomingdale's; Rich's; L. S. Ayres.
Dress by Adele Simpson in Stern & Stern silk chiffon, at Bloomingdale's next month. Earrings from Van Cleef & Arpels.

HORST

NO TRICKS

Make-up pattern—
please pour
Everything's fluid.
That's the pattern according
to the John Robert Powers
idea, which holds that
make-up fits better when
it's poured on lightly.
Managed by two fluid creams—
Shadow Illusion and
the famous Crème de la Crème:
hollowing and highlighting
of any face. A trick?
No, a make-up basic to know.

NO TRICKS



BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from preceding page) isn't beginning to talk up apricot, orange, and yellow as the most valuable group of accent colours in the make-up kit. Apricot, orange, yellow, for cheekbones, temples, lips—even in a quick dash in the fold of the eye.

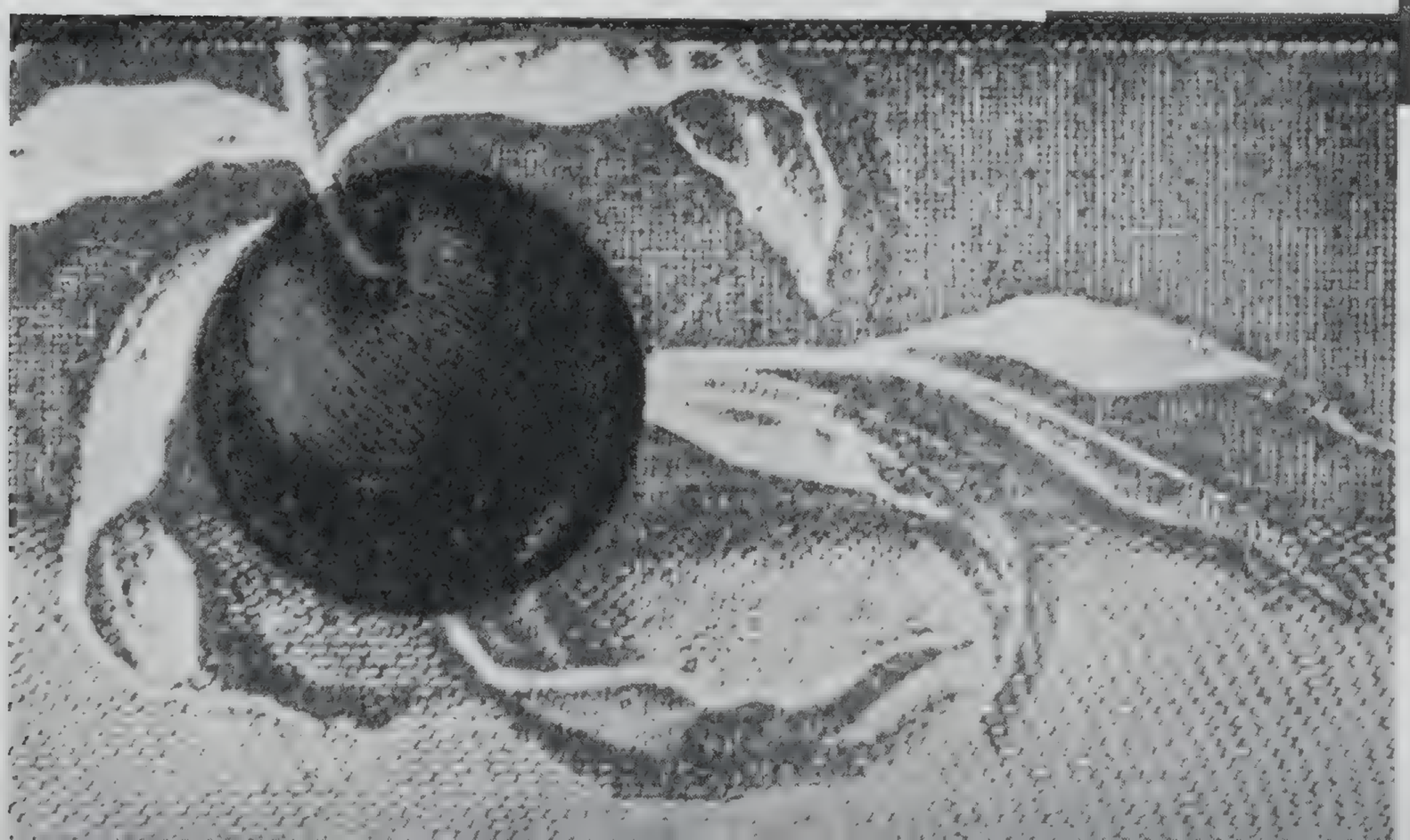
Two visiting visagistes—whose ideas are famous in Rome—have brought some fresh excitement to the U.S. this season. To take the lesser-known (he's newer, therefore, to Vogue's readers), there's Mr. Gil of Max Factor's Roman salon. His current make-up pattern goes as follows: Liquefy everything you can. It blends better. Even for an already fluid make-up foundation, use a very wet sponge to apply and blend. If you use foundation at all, use it everywhere on the face—it's the only way to get a uniform complexion. For any face that's begun to suntan, Gil uses copper and apricot rouges; likes any colour he uses now to run to the gold in tone. He liquefies his liquid rouges further with a wet sponge and tries for a "tender and delicate highlighting very high, up next to the eye." He moves next to the eyebrows, not the eyes: "My eyebrows are always light. Almost always blond or grey, even for Italians. With a small brush, I mix blond and grey liquid eyeliner together and stroke on soft little unimportant eyebrows." Admired particularly for the way he unclutters the face and spaces features, he explained his system for "opening" the eyes. "For eyeliner, I like black. A very fine line—never shooting up and out. Where the eyelid is small or too shallow, I put on beige eye-shadow make-up and then establish a hollow above the lid. I love eyelashes and paint them on in little feathers." Any make-up which he administers aims at conserving a suntan; if it's going yellow, Gil blends on an orange rouge—and then, as you might expect, smooths it with a damp sponge. Twenty-four-years-old, Belgian, and pronounced "Jheel," this specialist has the telling gift: his make-ups wear well; are never flashy.

Visiting the U.S.A. from Elizabeth Arden's salon in Rome, the famous Pablo—here at last—fascinated us with an entirely new approach to the patterning of a make-up foundation for summer. Because he much prefers the look the skin takes on "when it's in the dappled sunlight one gets on water rather than the scorching sunlight one gets on the beach," he first puts down an overall base of sunny beige foundation, and over this a whole new thing. Which is: a mask—shaped precisely like a bank-robber's eye mask—of very suntan-coloured cream foundation. This is blended on, blended *into* the surrounding foundation—and the minute it's on, you see its point. Suddenly the eye whites are very white. The face seems bright. ("I like freckles," he said, speaking of facial brightness.) And the face is lighted as though by sun reflecting upwards from the water, rather than pouring down from the sky. Pablo dabs copper-bronze rouge at the sides of the mask; dabs pink-white cream at the inner corners of the eye; dabs beige-white on the bone of the eyebrow; blends gold-flecked brown shadow on the eyelids. "I like small crazies, too," he added. Word of these: in Vogue in May. . . .

New pattern for eyebrows in the new scheme of things

Far more feathery now, the eyebrows are being dealt with in all sorts of new ways. Newest is this: an eyebrow pencil that has attached to it, for a follow-up feather dusting, a brush at its non-pencil end. Having been the first to pop up with an eyelash extending mascara in wand form, Helena Rubinstein could hardly be expected to leave marvellous alone. She's responsible for the brush-ended pencil idea, as well as a new under-eye make-up stick that deserves its name: Conceal. Pink moire jewelled pillbox worn under a green linen scarf, from Biki in Milan.

NO TRICKS



The new bosom—and a make-up pattern for it

Let us first say this: the new bosom—all right, the *chic* bosom—cultivates neither cleavage nor centre scowl. Ideally it's high as an apple on a tree; fresh of complexion, alive. What make-up can do to help has been figured out by Charles of the Ritz; involves skin care, colour-evenness; subtle moulding by way of rouge. The whole plan has been made a specialty at The Tailored Woman.

HENRY CLARKE

BARGAINS





LEOMBRUNO-BODI

On these eight pages, clothes with a this-minute approach to fashion ideas . . . cowl necks in everything from cotton to crêpe; wonderful fluid jerseys; ruffles—starched and pristine in dotted swiss, soft and moving in crêpe. The crispest cotton piqué for day. And for evening, smashing matte jersey pyjamas pouring in long, soft folds . . . Bargains at any price.

$80 for some of the prettiest evenings this summer, left, ruffled white American dotted swiss, with a deep back-décolletage edged in flowers. By Lanz, in junior sizes. Of Stoffel cotton. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Woolf Brothers.

$26 wraps up the spanking white cotton bird's-eye piqué skirt and top, above left. The easy skirt wraps around in a flash under a neat little sleeveless overblouse. Wear it in the country with a panama absolutely drenched in black and white streamers. Both by Tanner. At Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila. Hat by Hattie Carnegie. Evins shoes in A. C. Lawrence calfskin.

$50 is the tariff, above. The ideas are priceless—ruffles edging a dipped décolletage, dipped even lower in back and shoestring-tied. All of this happens in a supple black crêpe with the allure of more ruffles around the hem. By Louis Feraud, in crêpe of acetate and rayon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Emme.

$40 worth of sunshine and flowers, far right—mille fleurs and lots of yellows in a moulded overblouse dress with a high yoke, a soft bow at the neck. By Suzy Perette, of textured Fibranne. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kobley & Stern sunglasses. Fiorentina shoes. Coiffures, both pages. Iris of Kenneth Salon.

IN CHIC

BARGAINS IN CHIC

$100 for cowled jersey at-home pyjamas, opposite. All in one piece, the white top flowing softly into black pants with an easy width through the legs. By Rudi Gernreich. Of rayon matte jersey. Cadoro earrings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Pyjamas: Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Talon-twist sandals: Saks Fifth Avenue.

$46-finds—deep cowling and overblouse-effects in a one-piece white crêpe dress, below left—bared in back, covered in front. By Anita Modes. Of Avisco rayon (Bloomsburg fabric). Jordan Marsh, Florida. Schiaparelli earrings.

$30 buys all the clean young charm of the short white dotted swiss dress, above—and the coquetry of a pretty décolletage, puffed and ruffled sleeves, Empire waist. Narrow little black velvet ribbons tied here and there. By Junior Accent. Of American dotted swiss. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Bare sandals by Evins.

$18-splurge of fresh ideas, right—soft and easy underblousing on a one-piece dress of blazing white jersey. By Nelly Don. Of Arnel jersey. Macy's; L. S. Ayres; D. H. Holmes. Hattie Carnegie hat. Sandals by Evins. These coiffures by Iris of the Kenneth Salon. Sunglasses: Lugene.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



BARGAINS IN CHIC

$40 snaps up a white twill suit, far left—a fabric that tends to give substance to every line. Short sleeves, a soft rounded collar bound in smooth pale blue—look to the rayon-and-silk overblouse for more of that same blue. By Handmacher of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). At Altman's; Marshall Field; Harzfeld's. Necklace by Richelieu. Big white straw hat, with a blown-back brim. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. **$30** straightaway of white, top of the page, its deep V neck broadly banded in black. We've added more white—a scarf tucked into the neck. Dress by Merv Newell. Of Fortrel and Avril. Arnold Constable; Davison-Paxon. Coiffure: by Iris of the Kenneth Salon. **$60** to spend at home, directly above—white crêpe pyjamas with a drawstring at the neck of the overblouse, trouser-legs so full that they stand like the supplest skirt. By Deanna Littell for Harold Goldstein. Of rayon crêpe. Bonwit Teller. Pyjamas also at I. Magnin. Brania necklace. I. Miller sandals. Coiffure: Iris of the Kenneth Salon. **$50** for all of the flattery of a cowl-necked silk jersey dress, near left, in a blaze of Paisleyed pink with long narrow sleeves and a wonderful way of moving on—and with—the body. By Wilroy. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Naked white leather sandals, by Julianelli. **$12** goes a long way, right—straight into a limber little knitted cotton dress. Black-and-white striped and as cool as a sea breeze, the drawstring neck centred with a bow. By Mia. Junior sizes. At Stern's. The coiffure by Mark Trotta of the Kenneth Salon.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

BARGAINS IN CHIC

$25 investment in coolness, right—a shaft of white jersey with a yoked bodice and wide open neck. Leashed with a shirred belt. By Leslie Fay. Of knitted Celanese acetate. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; J.W. Robinson. White leather sandals by Julianelli.

$18 to brighten a whole summer, below left—a softly cowled overblouse dress, covered with swirls of pink and orange. By Sacony. Of Arnel jersey. Lord & Taylor. Hat: Mr. John Boutique.

$110 for the palest-beige silk suit, top right, with a notched collar, a horizontal seam just under the bosom, and vertical buttoned pockets. By Zelinka Matlick. Of Couleur fabric. Earrings by Marvella. Both at Altman's.

$45-supply of checks, centre right—the crisp cotton variety, in a black-and-white dress with a flipped-up cowl neck, with tiny sleeves, a bow centred on the Empire waist. By Ben Barrack. Of Cone cotton. At Lord & Taylor. Bare sandals by Evins. The coiffures by Mark Trotta of the Kenneth Salon.

$35 to make a suntan glow—bright red cotton piqué, lower right, with a deep décolletage carved out in front, slashed over a run of buttons to the hem in back. With a shiny black patent leather belt. Walking skirt, front pleat. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; junior sizes. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Oculens sunglasses.

$50 reaps the crisp rewards of a short-sleeved beige suit, far right, with the look of linen in its weave. Black buttons—round as marbles—closer-to-the-body jacket, belted in patent leather. Panelled skirt. By Abe Schrader. Of Avisco rayon and silk (Crown fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Wm. H. Block. Richelieu earrings. The hat by Hattie Carnegie.







FOURTEEN PAGES OF ITS GREAT FAMILIES, ITS LANDSCAPE, ITS SALMON, ITS MISTY OTHERNESS,

SCOTLAND: THE DOUR AND THE BEAUTIFUL

ALL PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN, WITH TEXT BY ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME



Far left: The Earl of Airlie with his son and heir, Lord Ogilvy, and his eldest grandson, the Hon. David Ogilvy: three generations of one of Scotland's oldest and noblest families.
Above left: Highland cattle from the champion herd of the Lanarkshire estate of Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home.
Bottom left: Rare peregrine falcon, trained for hawking by Mrs. William Stirling of Keir.

SCOTLAND:

"The feeling of Scottishness burns deep in my guts . . . intense affection, loyalty, and pride of association."

I was born in England, I went to an English public school, I work in England and so now I live in England. My mother is English. Yet I am Scottish. So deep, so positive is this Scottish feeling that, when strangers abroad come up and say to me, "Are you from England?" I answer proudly, even pugnaciously (but admittedly with a hint of embarrassment): "No—from Scotland."

The feeling of Scottishness burns deep in my guts, perhaps fanned by the knowledge that for eight centuries my father's family has been perching on the northern bank of the Tweed—the river that divides England from Scotland—and keeping the dastardly Sassenach (as we call the English) on the southern bank. A slender claim, you may say. I hear a mystified voice ask: you mean a few yards of water separate your family home from England and you have the cheek to make a point of calling yourself Scottish? The answer is yes, I do. Maybe it is just because there *are* only a few extremely important yards between us and England that makes me so keen to be acknowledged as a Scot. I don't know. But I agree it's all rather paradoxical.

My claim to be Scottish is certainly slender enough to be poohpoohed by many a Scotsman from further north. For instance, my sergeant-major in the army came from the northernmost county of Scotland and he used to refer to Borderers like myself sneeringly as "inhabitants of the Banana Belt."

I seriously doubt if any country in the world instils into her children, stepchildren and foster-children such intense affection, loyalty, and pride of association as Scotland does. My father (and even he is only *half* Scottish) feels so strongly about this that when he crosses the Border into England—a few minutes' drive from his home—he really feels that he is an alien on foreign territory. He wears that hunted look people wear in a strange clime (Continued on page 139)





The peaceful look of Scotland, kippers, thistles, sheep. *Opposite:* Dewdrops on a thistle head, the flower of Scotland. *Top right:* An Ayrshire shepherd bringing in his flock of several hundred sheep for their twice-yearly shearing. *Bottom right:* Mrs. Laing who has been producing "smokies," that delicious smoked haddock, in her back garden near Arbroath's small harbour.





SCOTLAND:
Auctioning an Aberdeen Angus bull at the cattle market at Arbroath, with farmers, many in caps, watching the ring.





SCOTLAND:

"The mountains sweep and soar in a splendid limitless manner quite out of proportion to their low altitudes."

where they don't speak the language.

I feel the same thing but in reverse when I cross the Border *into* Scotland. Once over that bridge the very air seems fresher and cleaner, the sky changes colour, the light quickens, there is some physical kinship with the grass and the trees and the soil, welcoming, mutual, primitive.

All I know is that women may come and women may go, but the love I have had, or could have, for any one of them is as an ephemeral, paltry, schoolboy crush compared to the consuming, abiding passion I feel for Scotland. Scotland is like a wife and a mistress and a sweetheart and a mother all rolled into one.

When outsiders visit Scotland, what do they see? Most of them see rain and mist and grey skies. They see solid, drab towns, chunky, leaden with dourness, rows of squat houses displaying false potted plants and fussy lace curtains behind grimy windowpanes. They see flocks of dirty sheep huddled against a tumbledown stone wall on the side of an insignificant, windswept hill. They see wasteland. They feel the cold. They smell the damp. They taste nothing—except whisky which they complain is too warm because there is never enough (if any) ice in the bars.

I do not blame them for these reactions: their senses are giving them a set of quite accurate readings. But a few visitors will record a different set of impressions on top of these basic ones—the more romantic visitors perhaps, the ones whose minds are not confined to the cold realms of reality, whose tastes are not governed solely by considerations of the fashionable or the materially comfortable.

This small group will look beyond the discomfort, the dourness, and the drabness. In doing so they will find that, in spite of the cold wind, the green of the fields shimmers in a way no other green (except in Ireland) shimmers; that, in spite of the narrow, winding roads around them, the mountains sweep and soar in a splendid, limitless manner quite out of proportion to either their low altitude or to the small area they in fact cover. They will find, behind the banal, a beauty; behind the ordinariness, a majesty; behind the humdrum anachronisms, (Continued on page 142)

The obscure tenderness of Scotland, pipers,
landscape, and castle grounds.
Opposite: A street piper at Portobello,
watched by a child just playing
in the street. *Top left:* At Drumlanrig
Castle, two sheep resting. *Bottom left:* A
sweep of hillside and heather in Inverness-shire.



SCOTLAND:
A seven-pound salmon, caught in the River Southesk, and photographed by natural light at ten in the evening.

SCOTLAND:

"Really a curious air of peace. Peace with man, peace with nature, peace with time, peace with self."

a sense of continuity, a true sense of values, a nobility of spirit. They will find that what they first took to be an air of smug, olde-worlde stagnation is really a curious air of peace. Peace with man, peace with nature, peace with time, peace with self.

Taking it all in all, however, I doubt if even the most romantic visitors would ever want to go *back* to Scotland, except for a specific project of some sort. Not in the sense that they would want to go back to the Riviera, or to the Greek Islands, say. Scotland's perennial welcome is reserved for her own flesh and blood, and to them she is constantly beckoning. But, for others—well, when people ask me if they should take a holiday in Scotland, I almost invariably answer "No." This may sound disloyal, but they would have to be a very special kind of person looking for a very special kind of holiday before I could honestly encourage them to try Scotland. Scotland, thank God, is not for everyone. . . .

To recommend a Scottish holiday to most foreigners would be like recommending a skiing holiday to a man with no legs: they would lack the capacity to enjoy it. This is not said out of arrogance. On the contrary, I think that it would be *most* arrogant to expect everybody else automatically to see in Scotland what a Scotsman himself sees. Americans tend to think their country is the greatest on earth and expect everyone else to think likewise. Scotsmen think their country is the *best* country on earth and don't give a cotton-picking damn what anyone else thinks.

To love Scotland to the full you must really belong to her. Or part of you anyway. As an outsider you can still enjoy her. But if you do, be prepared to be looked on either as an absurd romantic or as a screwball. Quite apart from my Scottish ancestors, I have an unfair advantage in the capacity to enjoy Scotland. At the age of seven, when the German bombs started falling a bit too close for com- (Continued on page 148)



The peace of Scotland, a laird, a stream, and a pony.

Opposite: In his family tweed and tartan, surrounded by his gamekeepers and his golden retriever, the Laird of Invercauld, Captain Alwyne Farquharson, who leases thousands of his moorland acres to the Queen, his nearest neighbour at Balmoral Castle, the private Royal residence near Braemar in Aberdeenshire. *Top right:* A lowland pony. *Center:* In streams or "burns" like this runs the brown peat water that gives Scotch whisky its unique flavour.

Bottom right: The special trim of the champion sheep, washed and ready for the annual Dundee show in the Highlands.





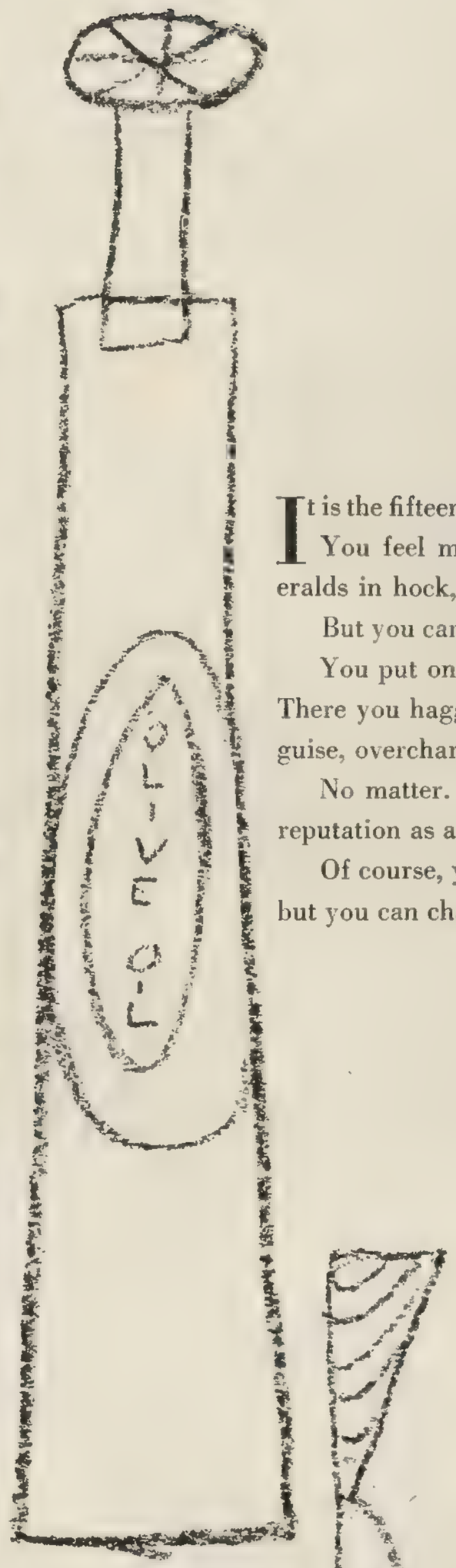
SCOTLAND:



Three faces, each remarkable in its own way. *Opposite page*: Grace Duncan, eighty-three-years-old, who lives alone in a small cottage in the hills of Angus, three miles from her nearest neighbour. *This page:* The most beautiful face of the Scottish aristocracy: The Countess of Dalkeith with her second son, the Hon. John Montagu-Douglas-Scott. Lady Dalkeith's husband is the Conservative M.P. for South Edinburgh, and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, Scotland's largest landowner.



VOGUE'S OWN MENU



PINCH-PENNY DINNER FOR FOUR

SLICED RAW MUSHROOMS*
Lemon Parsley Sauce

SOLE STUFFED WITH SHRIMP*
Boiled Cucumbers
New Potatoes

LEMON CREAM CUSTARD
with Raspberry Sauce

WINE: POUILLY-FUMÉ

It is the fifteenth of April.

You feel meagre, and no wonder. Your income tax has just been paid. The house is bare, your emeralds in hock, you have nothing to wear.

But you can not be alone on a night like this; so you call up some fellow sufferers. They accept like a shot.

You put on your oldest coat, and with five dollars in your purse, walk to the nearest economical market. There you haggle over prices and pinch the vegetables. (The grocer, alerted at once by your obvious disguise, overcharges you handsomely.)

No matter. You return home in triumph. You have managed to preserve both your budget and your reputation as a cook.

Of course, you buy a decent wine, and then dress this dinner up a bit with ten dollars' worth of flowers—but you can charge those.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

SLICED RAW MUSHROOMS (LEMON PARSLEY SAUCE)

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

12 large fresh white mushrooms
4 tablespoons olive oil
Juice of a lemon
Salt and freshly ground pepper
½ cup chopped fresh parsley

This excellent appetizer can not be finished until two minutes before it is eaten.

Ahead of time: Remove stems from the mushrooms, reserve for use (in the stuffed sole, below). Wash the mushrooms, drain them, and put them in the ice box to get cold. Mix the oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper, place it also in the ice box to chill. Wash and chop the parsley, then chill it, too.

Just before you are ready to serve, slice the mushrooms in the thinnest rounds you can manage. Place them in a large bowl, sprinkle the parsley over them, then pour over all the dressing.

Mix until each round is well covered.

Serve with heated crackers.

THE SNAPPER: Cold mushrooms, hot crackers.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

SOLE STUFFED WITH SHRIMP

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

6 sole (flounder) fillets
12 shrimps (cooked)
8 mushroom stems
2 shallots
2 tablespoons slivered almonds
2 cups Mornay sauce (below)
Salt and pepper
Bread crumbs

Chop shallots fine. Sauté them and the slivered almonds in a little butter. Grind the shrimps and mushroom stems and add to the shallots. Cook, stirring, for several minutes. Take off fire and bind with two tablespoons Mornay sauce.

Spread flounder fillets with this mixture, salt and pepper, then roll up fillets and secure with toothpick. Arrange fillets in a buttered ovenproof dish. Now pour over them the rest of the Mornay sauce. Sprinkle a few bread crumbs over all, place in 350° pre-heated oven for twenty minutes—or until browned.

Mornay sauce: In double boiler, blend 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter. Add slowly, stirring, 1 cup clear chicken stock, 1 cup light cream. Cook to thicken slightly. Add and stir until melted 2 tablespoons freshly grated Swiss cheese.

THE SNAPPER: Almonds in the stuffing.



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SCOTLAND

(Continued from page 142)

fort, I was evacuated from London to Tulloch, a village in Inverness-shire. No, village is an exaggeration. Tulloch was—and is—a railway station and five houses in a bowl of heather-covered mountains, some twenty miles from Inverness, the nearest sizeable collection of houses. I lived in the schoolhouse: my nurse's mother was the school ma'am, a formidable widowed matron with grey hair and noble features who reigned over the Tulloch community like a queen, and indeed like the Queen was always called "Ma'am" by adult and child alike.

There was neither heating nor electric light in the schoolhouse, nor hot water nor lavatories nor baths. The only source of warmth was the coke fire in the old-fashioned cooking-range in the sitting room. At night we lit pressure paraffin-lamps that hissed and spluttered through long glass funnels. When we wanted a bath, which I think was about once a week, a brass cauldron was pulled in from an outhouse and filled with hot water from kettles and pots and pans. When we wanted to go to the lavatory, we had to walk the twenty yards to the school's eight-seater privy beside the henhouse at the back of the house and sit, most inadequately protected from the wind, snow, frost, rain, or inquisitive eye of the rooster and his harem.

About twelve children attended the school each day, aged from six to ten, some of whom had to walk as far as two miles to be present at 8:00 A.M. sharp. Ma'am was a hard taskmistress, terrifying enough on her own when she got angry, but in cases where a greater penalty than standing face to the wall was called for, she would slowly, dramatically, and ominously reach down to the side of her lectern. There, from a nail, black and menacing, hung The Strap. The Strap was a piece of leather about twelve inches by three inches, with one end cut into thin thongs. "Hold out your hand," Ma'am would say softly, and down would come The Strap hard on your palm, three times for a routine misdemeanor, six for specially bad behaviour like lying, and twelve for something diabolical like throwing stones at the cat, or cheating. The Strap hurt: it was always used on your left palm so that its after-effects would not interfere with your ability to write. Neat writing was something Ma'am insisted on. And cleanliness and honesty and punctuality and learning everything by heart.

For two years I underwent Ma'am's strict régime of living and learning. When I was sent to England again to join a private boarding school, I was about a year ahead of my contemporaries, all of whom had been to smart, expensive English day schools or had smart, expensive English tutors. Quite apart from facts and figures, Scotland, through Ma'am, had taught me a code of discipline, honour, loyalty, and truth that England would be incapable of teaching. Certainly England's main contribution to my education was to corrode Ma'am's lessons, to dilute them till they seemed much less important, or in some cases even laughable.

Not surprisingly, I joined a Scottish regiment for my military service. Just as those two years at Tulloch were far and away the happiest of my childhood, so did the six years with the colours turn out to be the happiest so far of my adult life. I suppose it was mainly due to the security, the family spirit, the sense of purpose, the discipline of both environments—and the sense of *belonging* that they both evoked.

It was extraordinary the way in which, wherever it was, the Regiment immediately created its own *ambiance*. The barracks in Germany, or the strip of desert in Egypt beside the "Sweetwater Canal," or the mountain airstrip on the Yemen frontier, immediately became a kind of transplanted chunk of Scotland. This is not a piece of subjective fancy on my part: visitors felt this, too. English visitors at that. When you visited the barracks

of the Essex Regiment, or the camp of the Royal Fusiliers, it wasn't like walking into a transplanted piece of England. It was just a barracks, or a collection of huts inside a barbed wire fence, characterless, atmosphere-less. But the Scots seem to be able to carry a piece of their homeland's aura abroad with them. I don't think it was simply because we had tartan about the place and bagpipes playing and so on: it was due to something deeper than that, some chemistry, something that happens when you put five hundred Scotsmen together on foreign soil, but doesn't happen when you do the same thing with five hundred Englishmen. Something to do with the same picture being in the back of those five hundred Scottish minds, the same love being in those five hundred Scottish hearts—of their own country.

So you can see that, hereditarily and psychologically, I am a complete push-over for Scotland. Trying to explain Scotland to the uninitiated is a fruitless task.

The magic is there for me already. But what is one man's magic is another man's laughingstock or source of irritation. For instance, the bagpipes. Nearly every non-Scot I know screws his face up at even the recollection of the noise they make; if he ever actually hears them, he either bursts into agonized tears or quickly blocks his ears. When I hear them, I feel a delightful tingling up my back and a warm hand gently clutching my throat.

Or the kilt. When I confess to having worn a kilt every day for six years, mocking laughter fills the room. Yet quite apart from its practicality—it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than trousers—a kilt gives its wearer a great pride, makes him walk with a springier step, even if it does mean he has to sit down rather more carefully. And I don't think the Scots are by nature transvestites or anything complicated like that.

Or the tartan bug. The trouble is that when people catch the tartan bug they tend to overdo things. Their house and everything in it, and they themselves, are swathed in tartan from top to bottom, morning, noon, and night. Tartan, like everything else, should be used in moderation. Overdone it becomes a joke. Done right, there *is* something special about it, something that indefinably heartens the spirit by making you feel part of a large family. I suppose it irritates other people because they would *like* to have a tartan of their own but don't: at least it seems that way, judging by the lengths to which non-Scots go to prove that their great-grandmother was a Mac-Something-or-other, so they can wear such-and-such a tartan.

Strictly speaking, kilts should be worn only by Highlanders. My grandfather was very firm about this: he let me wear a kilt till I went to public school, because up till then I could be considered a child. After that, being a Lowlander, I was only allowed to wear trousers—until I joined a Highland regiment and went back into the kilt because it was the uniform, and so OK by my grandfather. He used to get irritated by excessive or wrong use of tartan, too—a Lowlander once turned up for dinner in a tartan dinner jacket and he was asked to go home and change.

My grandfather thought it vulgar, ostentatious and, in the case of Lowlanders, almost fraudulent, to overdo the tartan-and-kilt stuff, even though he was head of a clan himself: he classed it in the same bracket as having your initials and the number one on the number plate of your car, or having your initials embroidered on your shirt, or men wearing rings, or putting your family coat of arms on everything. "Showing off," he would call it, but he was an extremely self-effacing and modest man who never quite recovered from seeing the Duke of Argyll, chief of the clan Campbell, in an

(Continued on page 150)

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SCOTLAND

(Continued from page 149)

advertisement for socks. "Suppose you can't expect anything else from a Campbell," he muttered, referring to the Massacre at Glencoe in 1692, a black mark in Scottish history, when the Campbells treacherously murdered the Macdonalds whom they were entertaining as guests. In some parts of Scotland anti-Campbell feeling is still surprisingly strong. A friend of mine called Campbell had a breakdown on a lonely stretch of road in the Highlands, walked two miles to the nearest farm where the farmer, a mechanic in his spare time, immediately offered to drive him back to his car and help him fix the fault; when they reached the broken-down car, the farmer saw the name on the label of his suitcase. "Campbell —is that your name?"

"Yes," said my friend, innocently.

Without another word, without a glance, the farmer got straight back into his car and drove off. The Campbell was eventually towed into a garage by a Sassenach tourist. To take no chances at the garage he tore the label off his suitcase and decided to call himself Smith. It turned out the farmer's name was Macdonald.

Superstitions, legends, fables, caveats—they all abound in Scotland. The nature of the country and the romantic mentality of her people would ensure they did, even if her history were not filled with exactly the kind of personalities and events of which legends are made. Every family has its skeleton in the cupboard, every ruin its spirits, every old house and castle its ghosts. The clan warfare of past centuries was bloody and vicious, murder and intrigue the order of the day, but run, like the Wild West, on a strict code (the Campbell behaviour at Glencoe would have been the equivalent of shooting a man—or lots of men—in the back).

The Ogilvy family, so they say, stepped outside that code when they murdered a drummer boy sent to them with a message from a rival clan. Now, during the night before the Lord Airlie, the Ogilvy clan chief, is going to die, the drummer boy walks around Airlie Castle beating his drum. At Glamis Castle, the home of Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, legend has it a human monster was kept in a locked room. The Hirsel, the Prime Minister's house, is not the place to go down the front stairs in the dark: they are haunted by the ghost of a card-playing friend of the Home of the day; Home lost a lot of money to him, got him so drunk that he fell down the stone staircase to his death, then took the money back from the body.

Headless pipers playing laments on ruined, moonlit battlements . . . magnificent stags materializing out of the mist in the middle of villages and then vanishing . . . shepherds with their sheep dogs disappearing into the sides of mountains . . . mysterious rowboats flitting across lochs with muffled oars . . . old ladies dressed in black, with white shawls over their heads, walking into the ground, or turning into black cats . . . thundering hoofbeats at midnight . . . faint bugle-calls at dawn. All these are regularly reported by reliable witnesses, and there is usually no normal explanation.

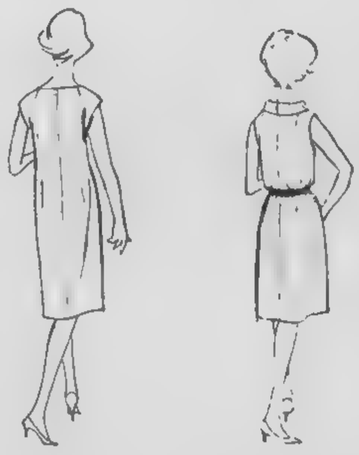
Scotland's oldest and most famous inhabitant, is, of course, the Loch Ness Monster. Does it exist? *Could* it exist? I have stared into the black waters of Loch Ness for hours, and I have absolutely no doubt that there *is* something unique living down there. Just as I have no doubt at all that headless pipers are seen on ruined, moonlit battlements, and that drummer boys' ghosts are heard tapping out the death knell of clan chiefs.

For Scotland is a place where—if you have any—the imagination is encouraged to run riot, where the fancy is spurred to fly high and wild. If you look long enough at that ruined castle, sure enough you will see a figure stalking its crumbling turrets, you will hear through the wind a pibroch. If you look long enough into Loch Ness's depths, sure enough you will catch a glimpse of a sleek, shadowy shape.

In a country with a touch of real magic, what's so odd about a Loch Ness Monster, anyway?

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 112-113, other views, yardages, details)



5995 6003

Left: One-piece dress. Vogue Pattern 5995 "Easy To Make." Sizes 10-18. For size 14, 2⅝ yds. 40″ fabric without nap are needed. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. Other versions included in pattern. *Right:* Sleeveless one-piece dress with gathered skirt. Vogue Pattern 6003 "Easy To Make." Sizes 10-18. For size 14, 3 yards of 40″ fabric without nap are needed. Price: $1.50, in Canada, $1.65.

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CHEF'S TRIAL

(Continued from page 115)

two hundred and forty sherry glasses.

Oscar Gizelt, the Food and Beverage Manager, an earnest man with a craggy profile, reminded Chef that the ten-pound loaf of dark pumpernickel, baked to order in Brooklyn for the smoked fish, must be cut with a band saw. The meeting broke up with Mr. Gizelt saying, "The wine bottles will have to be carried up from the cellar one by one, like babies."

That Thursday evening Chef served to Mr. Philippe and seven guests the entire menu with these minor exceptions: frozen turbot, and no sugar baskets—those delicate confections no one eats, but without which no proper banquet closes.

By Saturday the judgment was in: soup, impeccable; fish, too cold, its *velouté* sauce too heavy; pheasants, too large; chicken breasts, also too large, their aspic flavourless. The salad, for which Mr. Denis had made an exquisite dressing of French walnut oil and wine vinegar, had not been dressed long enough before serving (ten minutes) for the flavour to develop; the dessert was perfection . . . a triumph for Mr. Denis who had created this strawberry soufflé with its accompanying delicate cookie baskets of fresh strawberries in syrup.

By the rules of classic dinners all dishes must be cooked strictly by the set recipes many of which are two hundred years old. The Chef is allowed to kick loose only once, in this case on the dessert, *l'Apothéose*. He had. It was.

As for the rest—quibbles, easily adjusted. At the final dinner Chef would substitute for the offending *velouté* a light sauce thickened only with butter. (This fascinating and simple sauce is made by reducing a little cream or stock very quickly over a hot fire and whipping in, with a whisk, a fistful of butter. The moment the butter is melted the sauce is poured—here's the trick—into a cold, metal sauceboat. That's all.)

One concern remained. Chef would have to call Mr. Donon to tell him that the *céleris Châteaubriand* in its brown sauce was quite too much with the pheasant in its brown sauce. Would he substitute something? Mr. Donon, who likes celery with his pheasant, believes that two brown sauces, unforgivable in succeeding courses, are, in the same course, permissible. Chef, in the uneasy middleman spot, compromised. The celery would be poached in stock, and served in a lightweight (but dark-coloured) sauce with marrow.

Saturday the fish arrived and were checked. Five large, flat, kite-shaped turbots, layered with cracked ice in a wooden box, went through something like a draftee's checkup. Flesh firm? Eye open and clear? Nice and red in the mouth? And the gills? Mr. Gizelt said, with his nose to a gill, "Fish should smell like the tide. Once they smell like fish, it's too late."

On Sunday the lobsters, which had been lurching live on ice since Saturday, became a light soufflé ("with just a little brandy, cream, and egg whites") to be stuffed in the turbot on Monday. The kitchen remained calm. Nothing more exciting than tidy little helpings of bright-green beans for the dining room. (Beans or peas cooked in copper stay bright green. Egg whites whipped in a copper bowl stay firm, said Chef.) Any elaborate dinner seemed an ice-age away.

On Monday, the day of the dinner, Michel Denis began to show his tense disciplined energy. At a pace closer to a run than a walk, he went from the subterranean main kitchens to the smaller second-floor banquet kitchen off the ballroom, the kitchen where little of the cooking but all of the service would take place; downstairs again to the big walk-in refrigerators in the *garde manger*, a room walled-off with hurricane fencing; to the pastry chef's small, warm office where, at a long marble table, the pastry chef was coating ripe strawberries with a sugar glaze as transparent as Lucite.

The rôle of Executive Chef in a large hotel has dwindled over the years from the creamy days early in the century. Both salaries and responsibility have abated.

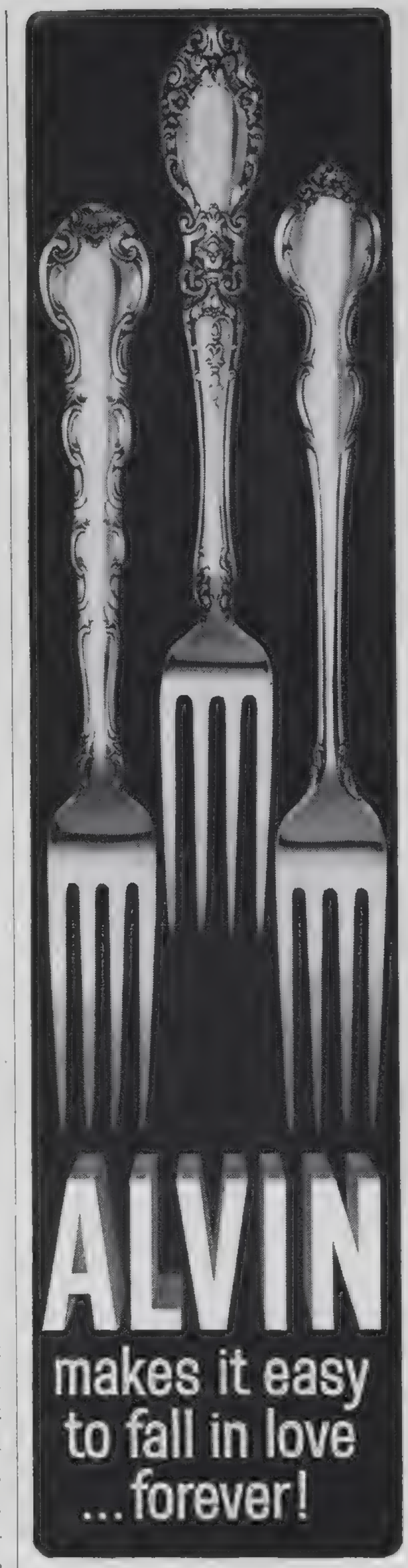
The job, however, remains demanding, the apprenticeship long. Michel Denis, who grew up in Auvergne, went to hotel school there when he was fifteen. After some years in casino kitchens on the Riviera, and a military stint in the mess of France's War Ministers (including Georges Bidault), he came to America, as did Joseph Donon, by way of London. A good chef can work anywhere in the world; Michel Denis's Brooklyn-born wife likes New York.

At one o'clock, Chef went out to buy cheese. He looked somewhat diminished in a dark city suit instead of the high-bonneted, double-breasted, glistening white uniform he wears with a red-edged tea towel, used as pot-holder and hand-wiper, tucked as ready as a cowboy's gun at his side.

He went, as would any housewife, to a small retail shop, Cheese Unlimited, which sells at a slight wholesale discount to many hotels and restaurants. There, in a long narrow room shored-up with cheeses, he picked: Coulommier, a cheese rather like a Brie; Reblochon, "a cross between Port du Salut and Camembert;" Pont L'Evêque, "If they get too old they smell of ammonia," said Chef, smelling; and a strong goat cheese called Sainte Maure, which he did not smell, but prodded. He left in a patter of French gossip about other hotels and chefs, a round of handshakes, and good wishes.

At the hotel the preparation of dinner was well under way—still efficient, but speeded-up like an old film. The apparent calm of a professional kitchen is wholly visual: noise boils up, clutter does not. Professional chefs use comparatively few tools—measuring equipment is in their eyes and their heads. Stirring spoons, spatulas, and French wire whisks take care of most of what is not left to each chef's personal, guarded chopping knife, or to his hands. Chefs, apparently, are great tasters. At Delmonico's any one of them passing an interesting looking dish will take a

(Continued on page 152)



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CHEF'S TRIAL

(Continued from page 151)

swipe of it on a finger, taste, and wipe his hand on the inevitable towel at his belt.

In the ballroom, by Monday afternoon, antique tapestries, on loan from French and Company, had been hung. The table was up, the tablecloths pressed. On this quiet, empty room, within a short time, converged: a plumber, a carpenter, an electrician, several waiters, bellboys, emissaries from the kitchen with words from the Chef, Chef himself, a florist and his helper carrying great boxes of white chrysanthemums and mimosa flown from France, men with antique English silver (on loan from James Robinson, Inc.), porters, a private detective, a man with a vacuum cleaner, a man with black paint, Mr. Webber and Mr. Gizelt—checking—and the Banquet Headwaiter, John Smythe, a cool, fast-footed, young Irishman who seldom left the ballroom from early afternoon until the dinner ended after midnight. Setting the table took on the sometimes funny, somehow effectual chaos with which circus clowns put up a fake house in order to burn it down.

By three-thirty fourteen waiters had gathered for rehearsal at one end of the ballroom, an oddly assorted group of men, all sizes, ages, and nationalities, hand-picked for experience by Mr. Smythe. They giggled and pushed like grade-school boys waiting for teams to be chosen.

"Do you have tails?" called Mr. Smythe. "You don't? Then you can't be a sommelier." Four waiters with tails were sorted away from the other ten. The rôles assigned, Mr. Webber began going through the purple-printed instructions his office had made—instructions which began, "No salt. No pepper. No butter. No ashtray. No water glass. No butter knife," continued through forty-three serving steps, and ended, "Waiters please note: 480 glasses on table for setup."

Mr. Gizelt arrived. His additions to the purple instructions included phonetic pronunciations of the wines—Shablee, Shato Ow-Bree-on—for any non-European sommelier to murmur to the guests. Chef arrived to defend serving his turbot whole (Mr. Smythe wanted to cut it beforehand and put it back together, "No one will ever know.")

Chef and Headwaiter, each sticking up for the standards and efficiency of his own wing, clashed often. Like the Navy and the Marines they buried differences once in action. The Banquet Headwaiter must always be in the dining room in view of the host. He posts the kitchen on the exact pacing of the dinner—"Fish course in fifteen minutes"; "Twenty-five minutes until dessert." Delmonico's staff, which prides itself on timing, remembers, shudderingly, the black evening when a dessert soufflé, timed to the second, fell because the elevator from the main kitchen jammed.

At five-thirty on Monday, sudden calm: the chefs stopped work to have dinner, for them "the best time of the day." Exchanging mildly ribald French badinage, they ate rare lamb cutlets in a sauce Bercy, a green, garlicky tossed salad, long loaves of French bread, and a fresh pastry ring studded with almonds; they drank American red wine, iced and watered. They seemed suddenly detached from the academics of classic cooking, detached, as might be, say, an authority on rare books who reads mystery stories in bed. . . .

At six the tempo wound up again. At seven, when the Lucullus Circle members and their guests arrived for the six sherries and smoked fish at the reception, crisis stage was reached in the kitchen. Chef was in a tearing temper. Bouillon cups had been set for his magnificent chicken broth instead of flat soup plates. Unthinkable. Flat soup plates were rushed up to be warmed. Too late. No time to change the spoons.

By now the scene was split, like Heaven and Hell, with all passion backstage. At the reception, Circle members and guests in dinner jackets moved coolly, alert and thoughtful as hanging judges. Some of them had had only coffee and grapefruit for

(Continued on page 153)

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CHEF'S TRIAL

(Continued from page 152)

breakfast, a salad for lunch, to prepare for this dinner. They had not smoked all day nor had a cocktail.

They bent over the hand of Madame Donon, an attractive grey-haired woman in a long red lace dress. They tasted, and compared sherries. "I think you'll find the Tico to your liking." "They're all too sweet for me." "Have you tried the salmon?" "I'm allergic to fish." Someone asked Madame Donon who in her household cooked. She said, "The maid." A restrained, T. S. Eliot scene.

In the kitchens, ten white-gloved waiters in white mess jackets and four white-gloved sommeliers in tails, paced, and whispered to themselves with tension. A lesser order of waiters, red-coated, darted about serving the convention dinner in the next dining room—opening, for it, cans of Walla-Walla peas. (Every pot involved in the Lucullus Circle dinner was marked with a big protective black L.) In the ballroom a waiter moved a candelabrum an inch. John Smythe came by and moved it an inch the other way.

In a cool back room off the banquet kitchen a quiet young man, Anthony Wood, a wine specialist from the Alexis Lichine company, eased the corks out of the white wines. He had opened the reds earlier in the afternoon and, since they were old (most of them 1928's), had decanted them. Now he rather willed than pulled the corks out of the whites, tasted each cautiously (since the whites, too, were old for whites, he had standby younger vintages at hand), decided they would pass and decanted them tenderly.

The guests went in to dinner, giving, at the big pale-golden oval table around which distant people could only be glimpsed in vistas of silver, candles, and flowers, an effect oddly mixed between a board of directors' meeting and a garden party.

Behind the swinging door, five waiters hovered like bridesmaids to go on. They carried hot plates. A sommelier pelted through the doors and into the wine room calling for "Two more twos" (two more decanters of the second wine). Chef discovered that Sous-chef had decorated the turbot, and was outraged. Delay, while Chef checked fluted mushrooms.

Webber ordered the waiters with plates back to the kitchen to have the plates re-heated. Smythe burst in from the ballroom crying, "Plates! Plates!" The waiters swore, raced back for plates. Chef bawled everyone out, and opened for himself a cold beer. Mr. Webber shrugged, murmured, "Chef likes to have his own way. . . ."

In the ballroom one Circle member, holding his glass carefully by the stem, swirled his Chassagne-Montrachet 1947 to give it a good surface, tested the "nose," tasted it, eyes closed, leaned to the member at his left and said in a voice hushed with admiration, "I never thought I would taste such a wine again. A Burgundy—with a hint of a Rhine." . . .

In honour of Mr. Donon, the critiques at the end of the dinner were brief and unusually complimentary. The wines truly were extraordinary, the meal a joy—remarks which eased the strain lines on the faces of Messrs. Webber, Gizelt, and Denis who had been ushered in, applauded, and seated in chairs directly behind Joseph Donon.

As the guests left, someone asked Mr. Donon, privately, for his opinion of the food. "The soup was perfect. The fish couldn't have been more perfect. . . . After that one is not so hungry any more." He paused, "Yes, the soup and the fish and the dessert were very good."

Why had he broken the rules and planned two birds in one dinner? "One is game—dark meat. One is light." Could he, Joseph Donon, have prepared the dinner as well in his great years with Mrs. Twombly? "But there can be no comparison," he said, surprised.

Dismissing with a small regretful gesture the whole midnight hotel around him, he added, "You must remember I had twelve chefs under me. Michel Denis does not have the help."



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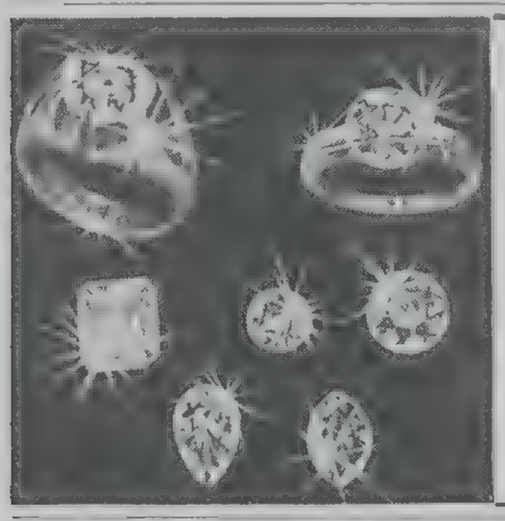


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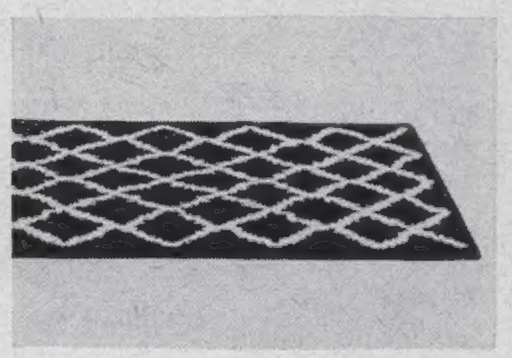
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